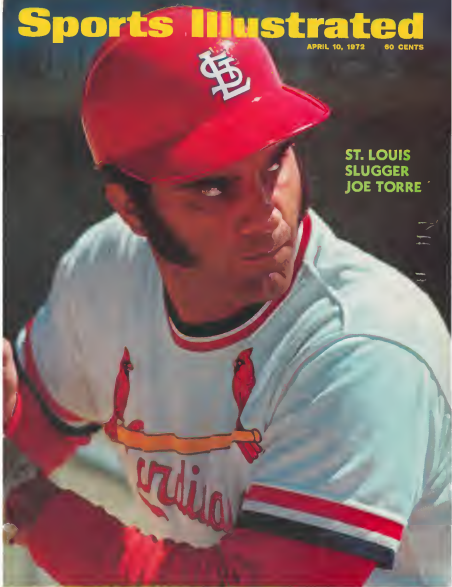


BASEBALL'S TROUBLED SEASON

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 10, 1972 60 CENTS

ST. LOUIS
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JOE TORRE



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The world's finest Bourbon since 1795.



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 341 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shurley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Best, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscriptions: \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$8.50 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

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Next week

ONCE MORE into the Stanley Cup go the New York Rangers, misfortune's favorites, pitted against the dynamic Montreal Canadiens. Mark Mulvey will be reporting from the front.

A TEXTBOOK FOR WINNING the Kentucky Derby? Not quite. The diary of a noted trainer shows that preparing even an outstanding colt for the run is not a bed of roses.

ENO ZONE, the novel critics have been acclaiming, is the story of a West Texas college football team. The coach is named Creed and the message transcends sport. An excerpt.



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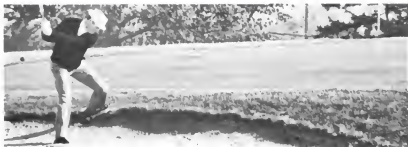
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Firestone
500 Steel Belt

the people tire

WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT YOUR MONEY SECURITY?

Even though today's economy is taking more twists than an obstacle course, there is a way you can help make sure you end up a winner.

Today, the cost of living has climbed to an all-time high, and taxes go even higher. Unemployment is up in some areas, and even people in secure jobs have begun to worry about the future.

These facts have put millions of Americans of all ages in a difficult financial spot. As the cost of living goes up, it becomes harder and harder to save money for their immediate needs, as well as for such long-range goals as a better home, a good education for their children, a secure and happy retirement. Few families have enough money set aside to last more than one or two years when something happens to the "breadwinner."

In the past, most folks have tried to do something about this money problem through a savings account or investments. But none of these can really solve the problem or stop the worry. It's hard, for example, to keep putting enough money into a savings account, and then resist the constant temptation to take money out for some current emergency. And what happens to the savings account if, suddenly, there's no income available?

Investments, too, are loaded with uncertainties—no one can ever guarantee the average investor that he will reach his money goals and have the security he wants.

But fortunately, there is a sensible solution to this problem. Now you can guarantee yourself the extra cash you want for the future—either in the form of a big check that you can spend as you see fit, or steady monthly checks that come to you for as long as you wish. No matter what your age, this added cash can let you enjoy real worry-free security

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Palazzo Della Immondizia



English translation: Palace of Garbage

Ecological translation: 250,000,000 steel cans recovered a year

In San Francisco garbage collectors call it the Palazzo Della Immondizia. Ecologists call it a solid waste transfer and separation station. In any terms, it is one answer to the country's growing problem of what to do with household refuse.

More than 150 collection trucks an hour dump their loads in it. The garbage is then transferred to larger trucks and taken to a sanitary landfill site in Mountain View, 32 miles away. (San Francisco, surrounded on three sides by water, years ago ran out of places to put its garbage.) In four years, Mountain View will have a 500-acre recreation area, with a golf course, marinas, tennis courts, picnic areas.

By July, the Palazzo Della Immondizia will have in operation a magnetic separator. It will salvage an estimated 250 million steel cans a year, which will

be sold to the copper industry to extract copper from low-grade ore.

Everyone benefits. San Francisco householders simply throw their used steel cans in their garbage pails. The salvaged cans generate revenue. San Francisco has a place to put its refuse. Mountain View will soon have a new recreation area. Old steel helps produce more new copper.

In San Francisco, garbage is beautiful.



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QUESTOR

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

CASSANDRA

Years ago there was a stock figure in political cartoons called John Q. Taxpayer, a miserable-looking wretch, thin, peaked and frustrated, who wore nothing but a battered hat and a barrel. Gus H. Fan, the symbolic sports follower, is beginning to resemble John Q., which is not surprising since fan and taxpayer are the same: Everyman. Sports are supposed to be Everyman's release, his surcease from care, his escape into vicarious accomplishment and triumph.

No more. Now the fan, beset by withholding taxes, sales taxes, school taxes, housing crises, shameless politicians, rising prices, endless debts, turns to his favorite sport and gets—rising prices, shameless owners, greedy athletes, franchise switching, contract jumping, lawsuits, haggling, arguing, disputes, everything but the fun and enjoyment he is seeking.

The baseball strike came very close to being the last straw. What makes the owners and players—each group self-righteously pompous—think that the fan, ultimate source of all baseball's income, is going to care very much longer? All that the fan knows is: he's the loser. In bars and buses and bowling alleys around the country, the prevailing attitude was not "Which side is right?" but "A plague on both your houses."

SNEAK PUNCH

Environmentalists took a drubbing last week when the House of Representatives quickly passed a water-pollution control bill drawn up by the Public Works Committee behind closed doors. The bill nullifies strings—if not always enforced—laws that have been on the books for years. It even repeals obscure 1883 acts prohibiting industrial pollution of Baltimore, Norfolk and New York harbors and a 1910 act forbidding the dumping of pollutants into Lake Michigan by two adjacent counties. On the broad national level, the bill grants certain polluters immunity for up to four years from prosecution

under the Federal Refuse Act of 1899. This law, which prohibits the discharge of pollutants into navigable waters or their tributaries, has been successfully used to prod federal authorities into action against polluters. Under the bill the House has passed, the individual states and not the Federal Government would be responsible for issuing those permits that inevitably allow some pollution; and in order to complain about a grievous violation in court, a private citizen would practically have to live next door to the offender.

What angered environmentalists most is that they got only a last-minute peek at the 216-page bill before it hit the House floor, and by then they were outgunned. "I feel as if I've been hit by a steamroller," said Representative John Dingell of Michigan, chairman of the Subcommittee on Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation. "This was the best financed and most energetic lobbying effort I've ever seen." One of the most energetic lobbyists was Donna Mitchell, acting for Conservation Commissioner Henry Diamond of New York, a state with an abysmal record in pollution abatement.

But as Dingell noted, "The fight for clean water is not over." The House bill is so radically different from a stronger Senate measure that conferees may not be able to iron out differences. Some environmentalists believe the gap is so wide there is no chance for compromise and hence no bill at all this year.

FAREWELL MY LOVELY

Racing is having trouble with its traditional \$2 bet. The \$2 bettor used to visit place and show windows for conservative investments on horses he favored, but a study at Sportsman's Park in Chicago revealed that times have changed. Only 4.2% of the betting handle came from \$2 place bets and only 1.6% from \$2 show bets. Figures at Bowie in Maryland indicate a similar situation. Monticello Raceway in New York tried two years ago to get the state to

let it eliminate place and show betting. No sentimentalists, the Sportsman's Park management closed down its \$2 place and show windows, and Chicago's Hawthorne followed suit. Monticello finally got state approval to close its windows, and Maryland tracks are now contemplating the same move.

Bob Hancock, mutuels manager at Bowie and Pimlico, says the sharp drop in \$2 place and show wagering is caused by the popularity of the exacta, in which one bet covers both win and place. Hancock says, "One third of all money bet each day is on the exacta. It has to come from somewhere."

PRIORITY

In Northern Ireland a pubkeeper named Bernard Browne of Strabane in County Tyrone went fishing in the River Foyle. Just as he hooked a seven-pound salmon, a fire fight broke out between British troops and IRA guerrillas. Shots sounded all around him, but Browne stood fast, played the fish for 20 minutes and landed it. "I hardly noticed the shooting," he said later. "When you have a seven-pound salmon on the hook, nothing else matters. First things first."

REVERSE IMAGE?

There is an old wives' tale that what is right for one identical twin is usually left for the other. Within a 24-hour span at the Pennsylvania Class B high school state basketball championships, identical twins Mike and Mitch Swartz of Middletown gladdened the hearts of all who swear by old wives. Mike cracked a bone in his right foot in a semifinal game. The next day in practice Mitch broke the corresponding bone in his left foot. "You hear of this," a Harrisburg doctor said, perhaps uneasily, "but there is no demonstrable scientific evidence for it." The twins' father, either corroborating or denying the adage, depending on how you look at it, added, "One has a tall, blonde girl friend, the other a short brunette."

MATTER OF OPINION

At the NAIA basketball tournament in Kansas City last month, 6'8" Travis Grant of Kentucky State set a one-game scoring record of 60 points, after which his coach, Lucas Mitchell, said, "He's worth \$2 million to the pros. He's the greatest shooter in the world. If he's not the No. 1 player drafted, I'll be the

continued

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE.

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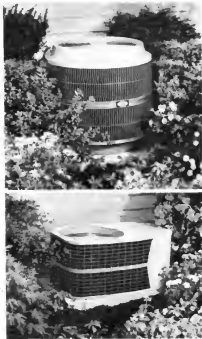
The Round One now has a new solid state control package that constantly monitors every critical circuit. If it senses any problem, it instantly responds to guard against possible damage.

On the other hand, there's the Compact. It doesn't have all the Round One's features—yet it cools every bit as well. And a unique computer-designed fan assembly keeps it just about as quiet. For the money, no other unit delivers more value.

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Automatic power cleaning shakes whiskers loose in seconds



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LOOK
OF IT**



**...AND
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IS ALL
OF IT**



The Ronson 1000 XL comes housed in a gift-packaged with two valuable extras.

Replacement Cutter Kit. Contains micro thin shaving screen and 36 micro cutters—both stainless steel. Keep your Ronson 1000XL in factory "new" with you. Shaves in at home in seconds. Kit replaces both cutting surfaces (screen and cutter) not just half a cutting system like some shavers.

Handy Wall Bracket. Easy to install.

Ask for a demonstration of the new Ronson 1000 XL at your dealer's, today.

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any doubts
about yourself,
try
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SCORECARD

most surprised person in the country."

Mitchell's glowing praise was not unexpected, since along with being coach he is something of an agent for his players. But Len Snyder of the Buffalo Braves said (SI, March 27). "He is the best pure shooter I've ever seen." Bob Cousy of the quadrum Cincinnati Royals conceded that Grant played no defense but commented, "He hardly needs to. Any NBA club with a big stud at center would find him extremely useful." Dick McGuire, the New York Knicks scout, said after watching Grant, "A hell of an exhibition."

However, a strong dissent on Grant's ability came from Marty Blake, former Pittsburgh Condor general manager who now runs an independent scouting service for professional basketball that supplies information and opinion on the potential worth of college prospects. In discussing some of the current crop of collegians in *Sport* magazine, Blake was very down on Grant: "He does not play defense, and he shoots from 20 feet out. A computer would have told me to take him, but after watching one game I know the guy can't play."

The ABA apparently concurred with Blake's opinion, for in its closed draft in February, Grant was not selected in the top 20. It will be interesting to see where he is picked in the NBA draft this coming Monday. A \$2 million contract seems pie in the sky right now, but if it is any consolation to Grant, the final decision on just how good he is can't come until the pros return to the court next fall.

COUNTDOWN

Before a Red Sox exhibition game this spring, Catcher Carlton Fisk checked with Pitcher Rogelio Morel on what signals he wanted to use. Said Morel: "Use one, two, three fingers and a wiggle."

"Why the wiggle?" Fisk asked. "You only have three pitches."

Said Morel: "Oh, yeah."

POINTLESS HOBBY

Some weeks ago Goulie Ken Dryden of the Montreal Canadiens was quoted on the subject of autographs (he gives them dutifully but says that they are a waste of time for everyone concerned). Now Kareem Abdul-Jabbar has a few thoughtful words to say on the same subject. "I don't mind people coming up to me and saying, 'Hello, how are you?'"

he told Joe Donnelly of Long Island's *Nesbitt*. "Then I'm a real person. But signing autographs is kind of dehumanizing. It keeps you in the realm of the unknown. Adults ask you for autographs so they can say to their kids they met you. Well, that's silly. I sign occasionally, but writing my name on a piece of paper really isn't necessary."

When he was a youngster in New York City named Lew Alcindor, he used to hunt autographs himself, particularly after football games in Yankee Stadium and basketball games in Madison Square Garden. "I lost them in six months," he says now. "I didn't know where they were and, what's more, I didn't really care."

SOMETHING SPECIAL

Southern Illinois' Greg Starnack, holder of the new NCAA career foul-shooting record (.909), would like to play pro basketball but not necessarily as a regular. "It would be nice if they used free-throw specialists the way pro football uses kickers," he says. "I could come in and shoot for Walt Chamberlain and then go back to the bench."

THEY SAID IT

• Tex Winter, Houston Rocket coach, on UCLA's Bill Walton: "One of the reasons I left as University of Washington coach was that I knew what a great player he was going to be. I figured I'd have a better chance of winning a title against Abdul-Jabbar in the NBA than against Walton in the PAC Eight."

• Mickey Herskowitz, Houston TV commentator: "Since they are using newsmen as a negotiating tactic, every athlete announcing his retirement should be required to post a bond. If he comes out of retirement within 60 days, he forfeits the bond and donates the sum equally among writers attending his original press conference."

• Billy Martin, Detroit Tiger manager who has the last but Joe DiMaggio used and is willing to donate it to the Hall of Fame with one proviso: "I want them to put a tag on the bat that I donated it. That's the only way I'll ever get in there."

• Steve Arlin, San Diego Padre pitcher, whose long-term career is dentistry: "One of my patients asked me to inscribe my initials on a filling. Where did you ever hear before of a dentist being asked for his autograph?" **END**

THE BIG THREE.
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MOST SPACIOUS.

OLDS CUSTOM

CRUISER: As luxurious as most luxury sedans. Load space, 109 cu. ft. Wheelbase, 127". Glide-Away tailgate actually disappears. Standard: Rocket 455 V-8, Turbo Hydramatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes... and a front bumper that helps absorb minor impacts. Wood-grain vinyl paneling outside, supple vinyls inside.



OLDSMOBILE
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD





NOW HIS NAME IS MUD

Long shot Head of the River sloshed to victory at Hialeah, giving a black eye to Derby favorite Riva Ridge. And on the same upstart afternoon, fancied Royal Owl lost in California, contributing to the 3-year-old mudda.

Take a shot of water—say about two inches of warm subtropical rain—mix it well with the good rich dirt of the Hialeah racing strip, and what you get is mud in your mint julep. That was the concoction whipped up last weekend in Miami when Riva Ridge and Hold Your Peace, the two super 3-year-olds of the year, went out to duel over 1¼ miles of slop in the Everglades Stakes. What everyone expected was a clear-cut favorite for the Kentucky Derby—probably Riva Ridge. What everyone got was Head of the River, a 19-to-1 shot who is not even the best 3-year-old in his own stable, much less the best in the country. On dry land. In mud, though, he thinks he's Man o' War. And like his trainer, Elliott Burch, says, it's been known to rain in Kentucky in early May.

Burch, however, is an old hand at the Triple Crown game, and he isn't about to charge to Churchill Downs with nothing more than a prayer for a monsoon and a mudder who won only one of four starts as a 2-year-old and was 0 for 2 this season before Saturday's shocking upset. Against the bankrolls of such as Riva Ridge (\$525,265) and Hold Your Peace (\$182,572), Head of the River's pre-Everglades earnings of \$30,510 aren't numbers to impress anyone.

"He's mud out of mud," Burch said with a grin. "Head of the River's sire, Crewman, won the 1962 Garden State Stakes on a sloppy track. And his dam, First Feather, is by a fine mudder. She

also is the dam of Run the Gantlet, who won her Garden State Stakes on an off-track and is great on soggy turf courses. Mud out of mud. The Derby? Head of the River is nominated, but let's not rush things."

Early this year Burch had high hopes for the Triple Crown, but they were for Key to the Mint, the 3-year-old ace of Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable. Then three weeks ago Key to the Mint suffered a slight injury and was taken out of training. Now he won't be ready before the Preakness, at the earliest.

"In workouts, I'd give Head of the River a six-length headstart, and Key to the Mint would pass him easily," Burch said. "Key to the Mint could carry me and still beat this colt." Burch weighs close to 200 pounds. "Really, I don't see how this race makes Riva Ridge any less of a favorite in the Derby. He's still my choice. Both of the top horses had an excuse. They were concentrating so much on each other they forgot everybody else."

Riva Ridge and Hold Your Peace were all anyone talked of the week before the Everglades. Hold Your Peace is a midget speedster who bounced around the country a loser as a 2-year-old, matured, won the recent \$100,000 Flamingo by 10 lengths and phbet! Suddenly the Kentucky Derby seemed to be developing into a two-horse race. Trainer Arnold Winick purchased the colt as a yearling for \$26,000. He was a January foal, and Winick thought he might be an early 2-year-old. Winick never considered Hold Your Peace a standout and shipped him from track to track to track to track.

continued

Reveling in the slop like many of his kin, Head of the River bested Hold Your Peace.



Watching for Royal Owl outside, jockey Laffit Pincay on Solar Salute (second from left) nearly missed seeing Gveek drive through the field.

NUDDLE continued

As a juvenile, the travel-weary little fellow won just two of 11 races, \$79,032 and only a teacup measure of respect.

But after his Flamingo victory, Winick began to scent roses. He declared he was shipping Hold Your Peace to Oaklawn Park for the \$100,000 Arkansas Derby. "I don't want any part of Riva Ridge until Churchill Downs," he said at the time. Twice as 2-year-olds the colts had met, and twice Hold Your Peace had been trounced. Then Winick had second thoughts and elected to stay for the Everglades. For one thing, remembering last season, he wanted his colt's travel cut to a minimum. And, for another, horsemen consider the racing strap at Hialeah vastly safer than the one at Oaklawn Park. The greater purse was no factor. When you own the bakery, who worries about bread?

Then there was Riva Ridge's condition. With only one start since last November, and that over only seven furlongs, the colt figured to be at less than his best. "If I'm ever going to beat Riva, it just might be now," said Winick. Then he laughed and added, "Besides, Lucien Laurin isn't about to run Riva Ridge in the Everglades."

Winick's belief that Riva Ridge would not start was strengthened by track officials, who had asked Laurin his plans for the champion colt immediately af-

ter his win in the Hibiscus Stakes. Laurin said he didn't know, that he wanted to see how Riva Ridge came out of the race. Then the squat, white-haired trainer went fishing, and somehow everyone figured that his being out of telephone contact meant Riva Ridge would spend last Saturday in his stall.

But on Thursday Laurin entered the colt together with his stablemate, Upper Case. Ron Turcotte, as usual, was named Riva Ridge's jockey; Laurin said he hadn't decided on a rider for the other horse. "Ha!" exclaimed Winick, "what Lucien's going to do is scratch Riva Ridge and put Turcotte on Upper Case. Why else would he name only one rider?"

Right up until the deadline for scratches, 45 minutes before the Everglades, Winick was convinced Riva Ridge wouldn't run. "He is just trying to scare me out of town and into Arkansas," Winick had declared earlier.

"To tell you the truth," Laurin said, "I'm glad Winick did not ship his horse to Arkansas. I've sent Spanish Riddle there for the big race, and with Hold Your Peace staying here maybe he can win that 100-grand purse."

(Spanish Riddle was to run a dismal seventh at Oaklawn Park. The winner of the 17-horse charge in Hot Springs was No Le Hace, who has now won

two Derbies—the Louisiana and Arkansas—and five races in a row. Oaklawn had a Latin flavor. There was Laurin's Spanish Riddle, there was the winner's Spanish name, which means "it makes no difference," and there was Spanish-speaking Juan Arias, the trainer of Canonero, who was back with two more Kentucky Derby candidates—Hass's Image and Lester's Jester. They finished second and 15th in Arkansas and now head with the winner for Churchill Downs.)

On Friday night, with the counties just north of Miami braced for tornadoes and heavy thunderstorms predicted for south Florida, the Winick stable ensured a wet track by insisting that Moon Meredith, its full-blooded Indian groom, perform a run dance in front of Hold Your Peace's barn. While Riva Ridge has won in mud, Winick felt Hold Your Peace was the stronger of the two in the slop. Meredith apparently did the dance expertly, for by race time the track was so gooey the jockeys could have water skied on it. "Isn't it great," said Jim Milner, a Winick employee. "Our colt really loves this stuff. He thinks it's chocolate pudding."

Riva Ridge was sent away the 4-to-5 favorite. Hold Your Peace was second choice at 3-to-2, and a lot of people wondered just who were those so ill-informed

as to bet \$6,678 on Head of the River to win. The smart money said it was 2 to 1 he would cover the last half mile dog-paddling. Whoever was betting the long shot, it could not have been Burch. Leaving the paddock before the Everglades, the trainer turned to Russ Harris, the *Philadelphia Inquirer's* crack handicapper, and asked for a likely long shot in the remaining races.

In the gate, New Prospect played his familiar role of bad actor, but he flew to the lead when the starter turned the field loose. As expected, the sprinter Nose for Money moved immediately into second place, with Riva Ridge third on the rail and Winick's colt at his shoulder. Head of the River plodded along fifth. "I knew my horse didn't have any speed," said Jockey Mike Hole, which everybody else knew, too. Well, almost everybody. Remember those people who had bet the six grand.

The horses ran that way around the first turn and down the boggly backstretch, the two fliers up front and the big pair waging their nervous private duel, never more than a length off the pace. Halfway into the far turn, forgotten Head of the River exploded out of fifth. "He took off," said Hole. At the top of the stretch Head of the River was lapped on New Prospect, Riva Ridge and Nose for Money. He took the lead an eighth of a mile from home and had enough left to stave off Hold Your Peace's furious pursuit. "By the time I knew Head of the River was there, he was gone," said Mackey Solomone, who rode Hold Your Peace. Having been on the rail all the way—and there the going was the muckiest—Riva Ridge was too tired for his expected big finish. Instead, the colt lugged in badly, scraped skin from his side hitting the railing and finished a splattered fourth, $5\frac{1}{4}$ lengths behind the winner, who carried 10 pounds less than the 122 hefted by the big two.

"Riva Ridge never had a chance because I couldn't get through," Turcotte said. "I was inside and couldn't get out because Hold Your Peace was alongside me. When I went closer to the rail he came in with me." Laurin was more blunt in his assessment. "You rode a bad race," he told his jockey. After watching the race films the trainer said, "Riva was in all kinds of trouble. He never had a chance. If that other kid [Hold Your Peace's jockey] had ridden

his own race instead of fooling with us, he could have won it and we'd have been second. We'd take back and he'd take back. You can't win that way. Thank goodness my colt has come out of the race on all four legs. We'll just have to see what happens when we get back to my old Kentucky home."

Out in Hold Your Peace's wooden wig-

wam, Moon Meredith was wondering if perhaps he shouldn't have shortened his rain dance by a few steps and a couple of whoops. But how could he have known that his colt wasn't the only kid on the block who loves chocolate pudding. And, who knows, perhaps even mint leaves if they are muddy enough.

—PAT PUTNAM

MAKING A MODEST NAME FOR HIMSELF

Only hours after Head of the River advanced to the head of the class at Hialeah, Solar Salute did something equally unsettling at Santa Anita. He trounced Royal Owl, the golden horse of the West, a colt many people had predicted would follow those California superstars Swags and Majestic Prince to Churchill Downs and further glory.

The Santa Anita Derby had been all but conceded to Royal Owl, though he was not bred to go the mile-and-one-eighth distance and might even be short for the race as he had not had a start in a month. Few people were paying proper attention to Solar Salute, a modest son of a modest sire named Windsor Ruler. Even the horse's owner, John J. Elmore, and Trainer Lou Glaburg were anything but enthusiastic about his ability. Solar Salute had won the San Felipe a fortnight before, but had been entered in that stake only because Royal Owl and his injured nemesis, MacArthur Park, were withdrawn. Though the victory gave Solar Salute his sixth straight win, his owner and trainer felt he had earned the prize by default. They had so little confidence in the colt, who had won just two of 12 starts last season, that they had failed to nominate him for the Santa Anita Derby. The late-entry fee last weekend cost them \$5,000, but it took Solar Salute just one minute and 47½ seconds to earn back the investment and \$83,000 more.

His performance was magnificent, and while he may be no Majestic Prince to look at (Glaburg describes the colt as "just average; there's nothing outstanding about him, but nothing much to criticize either"), it is evident Solar Salute has amazing grit. In his early races the colt often appeared washy and nervous. But Glaburg's patience and Jockey Laffit Pincay's feel for the horse (he has ridden Solar Salute in his string of seven wins) have pacified the animal. "He's

my choice for Churchill Downs," says a pleased Pincay. Is Glaburg equally exhilarated? "MacArthur Park is the best colt here on the Coast," the trainer answers glumly. "and if Royal Owl had had a race two weeks ago the way we did, he probably would have beaten us, because I think he's the better horse."

An odd reflection by a Kentucky Derby-bound trainer perhaps, but then Glaburg was hardly in a rush to pack. "I guess we'll have to go to Churchill Downs now," he said after the Santa Anita race. "I'll have to leave 37 horses behind, which I don't much want to do."

Solar Salute has earned the trip. Taking the lead from his five rivals at the start, the bay clicked off quarters in :23½, :47 and 1:11½. Pincay was riding cautiously, watching Bill Shoemaker on Royal Owl, who was never more than a length away. In third place was Quack. "I knew the pace was slow enough," Pincay said later, "so that when Shoe started his run I would have plenty of horse left."

But when Shoe made his move around the final turn, Royal Owl wasn't ready to make his. "I was hustling just to keep up," Shoemaker said afterward. Meanwhile, Quack drove through on the inside. With Pincay focusing attention on his archrival Shoemaker, Howard Grant actually got Quack half a length in front at the eighth pole. But then Solar Salute showed his toughness. After appearing to be a beaten horse in the San Felipe, he had come on again to win. Now he did it once more, digging in to overtake Quack 70 yards from the wire and pulling away to win by three-quarters of a length. A thoroughly beaten and tired Royal Owl finished a distant third. Solar Salute's victory was no April Fools' joke. Any horseman who doesn't take him seriously may be a May fool on Kentucky Derby Day.

—WHITNEY TOWER

GENTLE TIGERS OF THE TABLES

Spring came early to Ottawa as the Chinese Ping-Pong team, fulfilling a promise from Chou En-Lai, won laughing in Canada on the first leg of its journey through North America
by WILLIAM JOHNSON

The promise was made last spring in Peking: Premier Chou En-lai told his visitors that, yes, the peerless world champion Red Chinese table tennis team would visit North America when "the blossoms are in bloom." Last week Chou kept his promise. It was, however, a notably blossomless day in Canada, a chill and dripping March afternoon, when the Chinese team arrived at the airport in Montreal. For the first time, these mighty idols of the once forbidding Communist country were to set foot on North American soil. Here they came, a party 28 strong, filing out of an Air France 747 after 30 hours of flying from Peking, bound for a month-long tour that would send them across the wheat fields of Canada, from coast to coast in the U.S. and, finally, deep into the sunny countryside of Mexico.

What might one expect of heroes from Red China? A grim and scowling gang, led by a battering ram of security men? A gloomy crowd of automatons, polished to machine-like perfection for the greater good of Chairman Mao? But, no, it was nothing like that. They brought their own Chinese sunshine into the drab Canadian afternoon.

Their dress—the egalitarian garb of the Chinese revolution—was drab, too, but despite the somberness of their fashion, they radiated warmth, charm and a kind of childlike curiosity as they departed from the plane. There were no security men at all, only a few officials wearing benign smiles and some hard-

scrambling cameramen. Male members of the team grinned and waved jauntily. At a rather low-key and disorganized airport reception, the most exalted heroes of the People's Republic of China contentedly sipped orange juice and nibbled homemade sugar cookies, while a friendly speech or two was recited off. Then they flew to Ottawa for their first exhibition matches.

On the bus ride into town from the airport, the most celestial sports gods of all of 760 million people in Communist China threw back their heads at a signal from a young woman player with pig-tails and burst into lusty song. It was a scene not at all unlike a crowd of kids riding home in the school bus after a winning basketball game, except that they were singing hymns of the revolution, praising the feats of Mao Tse-tung. As the bus pulled up to the hotel, the Chinese suddenly burst into laughter and, to the astonishment of their Canadian hosts, loosed a near-perfect rendition of *Adieu, gentille adieu*.

The arrival of the Chinese was met with almost total ennui by the Canadian population and press. No crowds greeted them and no major stories chronicled their first days in North America. Yet, in retrospect, it was actually a point of some wonderment that Chou's promise had been kept at all. For it was made during a strange and confusing period, in the bewildering days after Western trespassers had been welcomed to China for the first time in more than a generation. When Chou spoke last April, the only bridge across the chasm of fear and suspicion that had separated Red China and the West was a frail, even a foolish, sort of structure. The table tennis teams of Canada and the U.S., a remarkably unprepossessing bunch of emissaries, had been invited beyond the Chinese barricades after the world championships in Japan and it was during a reception for them in Peking that Chou first indicated the era of Ping-Pong diplomacy was upon us.

None of it seemed real then but it was, of course, and the President of the U.S. has since trod where only table tennis addicts had gone before, and the world will never be quite the same again.

The Chinese delegation is led by a pudgy, bright-eyed fellow named Chuang Tse-tung, a table tennis genius who held the world singles title from 1961 through 1967 (longer than any man)

and is considered by the game's experts to be the best player ever to pick up a paddle. Chuang is also the most celebrated No. 1 hero of anyone in the People's Republic of China—except for Mao and Chou—for table tennis is a sport revered in China beyond any other. There are more than 3.2 million registered players there, the U.S. has no more than 2,800. Indeed, not since the game was invented 75 years ago and came to be known at various times as gossamer, pom-pom and whiff-whaff has it had such enormous popularity as in Red China. And because it requires no expensive facilities, it is widely considered to be the game of the masses around the world—a point which some cynics feel explains the reason that the Chinese have chosen to use this sport as a vehicle for diplomacy.

Chuang Tse-tung no longer plays except for exhibitions: he has come to be a sort of statesman-sportsman now, traveling widely. However, he was the mystery man of the table tennis world from 1966 to 1969, during the bizarre and bloody years of China's cultural revolution. In a fierce series of purges, Mao Tse-tung and the savage Red Guards tried to revitalize the nation's sense of purpose by eradicating thousands of people. All sports were suspended during this brutal period and Chuang Tse-tung was seen no more at international matches. Weird and mournful rumors began to build among table tennis buffs and at one point in 1969 the gossip was that Chuang had been a member of an anti-Mao group of ruffians called the Black Band and that he had been jailed, then released, only to be murdered—ten to bet by the Red Guards.

To see him now, murmuring niceties at tennis and cream-puff receptions and sightseeing trips in Ottawa, it is plain that Chuang was on the right side of any cultural revolution. Nevertheless, he insisted in adamant Chinese, translated by an interpreter, that sports heroes in the People's Republic profit no one but the people—certainly not the hero himself. "In China, we do not differentiate in the kind of work we do," he said. "Some is more inferior than other, but we all work to serve the people. Sports figures are treated like others. Generally, we train during our spare time from work. Always we are trying to elevate the level of sports in China so that the people will improve their health—this



Cheng and Lin played it pretty and close.

is conducive to socialism and to the national defense."

Whatever else the regimen in China may produce, it is definitely conducive to brilliant table tennis. Though they seemed cheery as children and friendly as good traveling salesmen, the Chinese brought ferocity to the game. John Hunniss, president of the Canadian Amateur Sports Federation, visited China early this year to make arrangements for the tour. "They play from their toes up," he said. "They condition themselves by doing things like long-distance jogging, swimming and gymnastics. We are all sissies compared to the way they play the game."

The first matches of the tour were held last week in the lush and gentle environs of Ottawa's splendid Opera House in the National Arts Centre. Besides Chuang himself, the Chinese team offered a sterling silver who's who of table tennis stars currently living on this planet. There was the cherubic Lin Hui-chung, 30, world champion of women's singles, doubles and mixed doubles; the ascetic Cheng Min-chih, 26, women's doubles champion; the doe-eyed Cheng Hui-chung, 22, Afro-Asian singles champion; the jovial Chang Hsueh-lin, 31, men's coach and mixed doubles champion; the handsome Li Fu-yang, 29, who lost three times in the world finals to Chuang Tse-

tung, and the fresh-faced Liang Ke-liang, 21, who is considered a likely contender for the men's world singles championship next year.

In a series of five matches, the Chinese contingent all but swept their Canadian competition into the orchestra pit—with the one exception of Derek Wall, 42, the Canadian singles champion; he defeated young Liang. When it was over, there was general agreement that the Chinese had perhaps been generous in victory, carrying some of their more inept opponents to far closer contests than they warranted.

"Of course they took it easy on us. I asked them to," said Art Barran, pres-

ident of the Canadian Table Tennis Association. "They are too polite and too friendly to embarrass their hosts unnecessarily. Don't forget, this is a friendship tour, not open combat."

True enough. As a smiling Chuang Tse-tung said: "We hope through our contests in this sport to build a growing understanding between China and Canada and the United States and Mexico. We are here to cultivate blooms of friendship." If there were not yet any real blossoms blooming in the Canadian snows last week, perhaps new seeds of friendship sown by Ping-Pong players was what Chou En-lai had in mind when he made that promise a year ago.

END

Chang Hsueh-lin, mixed doubles world champion, bango the little white ball of happiness.



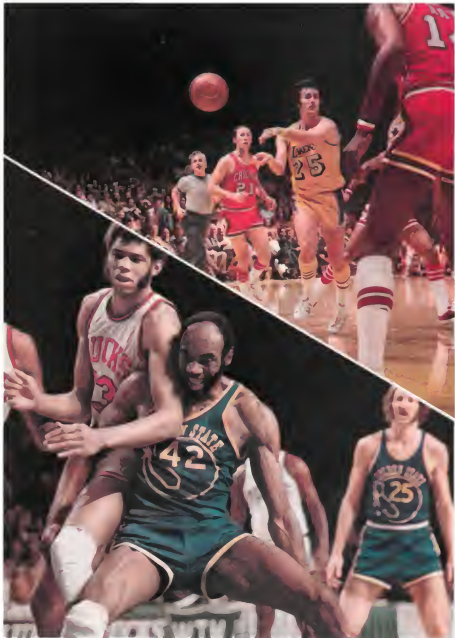
DANCING MASTERS

They tee off this week at Augusta, and here you can see everybody's-choice-to-win-the-Masters out having himself a ball. The scene is a Palm Springs soiree during the recent Bob Hope Desert Classic, the kind of easygoing tournament where a fellow is entitled to let down his hair and have a few giggles. The field is filled with 90-shooters and celebrities, and once you make the clubhouse there is nothing like a quick two-step to show the gang that you only play the Hope for laughs. There is never such levity at Augusta, of course. Especially for the favorite. The Masters is somber business. Weeks of mental preparation. Hours on the practice tee. Visions of a Grand Slam starting. The toughest of competition gathered from around the world. And yet a man who has won the championship three times, finished second twice and holds the Masters scoring record has a right to hope that he might waltz through the field once again. But hold everything! Stop the music! Arnold Palmer is not the Masters favorite. Of course he isn't, you sillies. Palmer's dancing partner is 'You just didn't recognize Jack Nicklaus there, wearing a wig but not his green coat.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN WINSTON







ANOTHER KNOCKDOWN COMING UP

Despite all the shooting and scampering about in Eastern arenas, the NBA playoffs are headed for the inevitable conclusion that—just as it was last year—the West is still by far the best by PETER CARRY

It was not so long ago that the only fans who ever picked the West in the NBA playoffs were the same people who bet Poland even up in World War II, or took Debbie Reynolds over Liz Taylor in the Eddie Fisher Bowl. Now that the championship rounds are starting all over again, these are the very same folks who will promptly bet the family farm and their Edsels on the East.

Before the Milwaukee Bucks started the new trend last year, Eastern teams had won the world title every year since 1959. On several occasions the Eastern Conference finals—Boston vs. whatevs—involved two teams better than any in the West. Even as recently as two years ago the New York Knickerbockers began building one more, though short-lived, dynasty in the East. That was the way it went. But dynasties fade and never mind tradition, it is perfectly clear where pro basketball's power really lies now.

The three strongest NBA clubs, Los Angeles, Milwaukee and Chicago, are members of the Western Conference, and that conference's preliminary playoff round, which began last week, includes four of the five best NBA teams—the Big Three plus the Golden State Warriors. In fact, the power shift has been so drastic that two Western teams that were not good enough to make the playoffs, Phoenix and Seattle, each compiled better records than all but two Eastern Conference clubs.

This situation made for a lot of meaningless jumping up and down, arm waving and scampering about in arenas along the Eastern Seaboard last week as the

Celtics, the East's only strong team, hit unexpected resistance in their attempt to fast-break the Hawks back to Atlanta. The Knicks and the Baltimore Bullets also gathered for the umpteenth annual renewal of their playoff rivalry. It used to be considered a classic confrontation, but now it teeters on the edge of irrelevancy, saved only by the fact that the Bullets—who won a rousing 46% of their games during the regular season—once again seem to be getting themselves together for the playoffs. And, thus assembled, they split their first two games with New York. The Bullets could be upset winners in the East, just as they were a year ago. Everybody remembers a year ago. That's when they went to the finals and lost to Milwaukee, four games to zero.

Out in the West, meanwhile, the folks have not seen a draw this tough since W'yan Earp. For the first time in NBA history, all the teams in one playoff bracket have won-lost ratings over .600.

The best of the four, as the action starts, are the Lakers, who set all the records for setting records this season. The team holds the mark for the highest percentage (.841), for the widest margin of victory in a single game (63 points), for the most games over 100 points (81), for victories in a season (69), for wins in a row (33), for wins on the road (31), for wins at home (38) and for wins in front of anesthetized crowds (36). Those last two statistics are the same. Despite all the strange and wondrous things their team did this year, Los Angeles fans still behave in their same old pattern—they sit on their hands and try not to snore. Their loudest cheers invariably go to free throws missed by Wilt Chamberlain; their second loudest are reserved for free throws missed by Wilt Chamberlain. A brilliant steal by Jerry West

is usually greeted with the same amount of fervor as a time-out announcement that another Myron Flonn extravaganza will appear at the Forum soon.

This is not to knock Laker fans unreasonably. Their reticence is a little more understandable when it is remembered that this team has made the playoffs 12 straight years and still never won an NBA championship. At least this year a goodly crowd showed up for the opener against those masters of the slow bump and grind, the Chicago Bulls.

The Bulls, only team in the Western playoffs without a superstar center, were fresh from an extraordinary season of their own in which they won 57 games, a better record than many past NBA champions. Unlike the Lakers—who want nothing more than to run, run, run—Chicago tries to compensate for its lack of exceptional pivot play by throwing up a bruising defense and slowing the tempo on offense, then running imaginative, intricate patterns that grind down the opposition until an open shot appears near the basket.

In the first two games at Los Angeles, Chicago controlled the tempo, all right, but the Lakers won in the most impressive way of all—by playing the other team's style and winning with it. Los Angeles scored only 15 fast-break goals in the two games and still took the first 95-80 and the second 131-124.

By Sunday night the series was 3-0 and Chicago's tough little coach, Dick Motta, confessed, "We're not like other good teams. We have to play so hard just to win during the regular season that we don't have the deep emotional reserve to turn to when the playoffs come." But Los Angeles, which expects to move past Chicago to the Western championship and finally the NBA title, suffers no such limitations.

Their big clash is next, but first the Lakers (with Gail Goodrich, above) must eliminate Chicago. The Bucks (with Kareem Jabbar on Nate Thurmond) must beat Golden State.

continued

During the Lakers' midseason winning streak they played without any special fire and triumphed largely on their superior expertise. In playoffs Coach Bill Sharman can call on West's unusual presence in crisis and even rely on Chamberlain as a larger-than-ever dominating force. But, further, he has at hand a breadth of talent that often remains obscured behind the glistening of West, Wilt and high-scoring Gail Goodrich. The best example is scorer-turned-rebounder Happy Hairston. Once known largely for his habit of sneaking away from his man on defense in order to pick up easy baskets, Hairston had increased his scoring average in each of his seven pro seasons. But this year his scoring dropped five points after Sharman asked him to concentrate more on rebounding and Hairston's average of 15 rebounds per game in the second half of the year helped change Los Angeles from a weak, one-rebounder team into a strong one. Now Hairston is the first forward ever to play alongside Wilt and pull in 1,000 rebounds. In the games at Los Angeles last week the underpublicized Hairston dragged in 33 rebounds, only five less than Chamberlain.

A similar sort of obscurity has been the lot of the two men who turned out to be the difference in the first two games of the Bucks-Warriors series in Milwaukee. In both games Centers Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Nate Thurmond played to a standoff, with Thurmond three times holding Kareem at least six points under his season's scoring average of 34. Thurmond's defense and rebounding were important factors in the Warriors' surprising 117-106 upset in the opener, but equally impressive and much more unexpected were the 30 points scored by Guard Jim Barnett. A must-chance, scrambling player formerly more celebrated for his eccentricities than his jump shot, Barnett took over as a starter in January and helped quarterback Golden State to more winning ways.

That first defeat darkened the cloud that has hung over the Bucks ever since the Laker winning streak grew in December. Usually objective basketball fans have wasted long hours in recent months trying to convince themselves and others that Milwaukee is little more than a second-rate team. But the Bucks are definitely top rate, and Jabbar remains the game's dominant player.

In the loss to the Warriors, Curtis

Perry, who came to Milwaukee in a mid-season trade with Houston, scored one point. Perry was supposed to have been a throw-in in the Houston deal. As a rookie the year before he played only 100 minutes but his rebounding impressed Bucks Coach Larry Costello and Perry quickly became a starter. Still, his performance in the first Golden State game shook the coach. Before the second round Costello said, "If Curtis doesn't do it tonight I'm going to John Block early. We can't wait this time."

Perry heard the message. He scored nine points in the first nine minutes and he finished with 22 as the Bucks evened the series with a thumping 118-93 victory. "We took the whole thing more seriously," Oscar Robertson said afterward. Then Costello piled more pressure on Perry by saying before the third game in Oakland, "If we get anything at all out of Perry's position, we win." Perry did it again, scoring only nine points but pulling in 14 rebounds as the Bucks gained the edge in the series 122-94.

Thus, it is likely that Hairston and Perry will match up when the Bucks meet the Lakers to start the most tantalizing series since the tense Boston-Philadelphia duels of the late '60s. In battles such as the one shaping up for the Western Conference title, the performances of the superstars often have a tendency to balance each other out. As the teams scratch for an added edge anywhere on the court, this match-up between an old pro who has changed his game and a young one who is still trying to find his could be nearly as pivotal as those between Kareem and Wilt and West and Robertson.

In the East, with the Celtics in the playoffs after a two-year absence, there was a racing start on the floor but not at the gate. There were 2,500 empty seats at Boston Garden (some of them vacant because it was the first night of Passover), but there was rarely a vacancy in the Celtic fast break as Boston defeated Atlanta 126-108—scoring 17 baskets on the run. The key to Atlanta's slim chances for an upset is Pete Maravich, still weak and underweight from an attack of mononucleosis during preseason training. "I'm down from 205 to 180 pounds," Maravich told SI Reporter Jane Gross after his uninspired game at Boston. "When you're out on the court people bump and run, lean on you and things like that. It's a game of physical

well-being. When I tire so easily I get mental anxiety. I'm eating four and five meals a day, but it doesn't help. I didn't feel well and I got real tired in the second quarter. I was below 180 going into the game—I guess due to nerves. I had no stamina." But then Maravich played better in the second game, back in Atlanta, scoring 16 points as the Hawks won 113-104 behind Lou Hudson's 41 points. On Sunday the Celtics seized the series lead 2-1 as whirling John Havlicek ran his three-game scoring total to 106 points and 20 assists.

Meanwhile, a touch of this East-West imbalance even appears in the ABA, where the Eastern conference claims the outstanding Kentucky Colonels, but the West seems likely to provide all the suspense. The Colonels, who lost only 16 games and set nearly as many records for winning as the Lakers, should ease their way to the finals as effortlessly as a Bluegrass gentleman sipping down a sourmash—in spite of an upset loss to the New York Nets in the opener. Already the third or fourth best team in all of pro basketball, Kentucky starts a front line of solid Cincy Powell and two brilliant youngsters, 6' 9" Dan Issel, 23, and 7' 2" Artis Gilmore, 22. Together they should give the Colonels the strongest forecourt in basketball for years.

The ABA West, however, is filled with imponderables. Indiana, which won the Western Division last season and still has the deepest talent in the league, finished second to Utah, a meager 10 games over .500. The Pacers suffered some injuries to top players and the lineup was often unsettled as Coach Slick Leonard maneuvered to find playing time for good rookie forwards George McGinnis and Darnell Hillman. But even beyond that, Indiana seemed slowed by complacency. "It appeared to me that the players looked at it as a long season," said Leonard. "I think it stemmed from the fact that, in this day and age, money is the big issue in professional sports. I hoped pride would carry us, but after winning three straight division titles I think the players just didn't have the enthusiasm to go through it again—particularly after our fans considered it a bad season last year when we were edged out in the playoffs. The NBA pays \$3,000 a man for winning a division; we get \$500 each. I really don't think there's enough emphasis on winning the divisions."

Providing they find the playoff mon-

continued



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ey (about \$5,000 per man to the champs) entering enough, the Pacers should easily defeat the Denver Rockets in the first round and move into the West finals against Utah or—hold onto your Stei-son—the Dallas Chaparrals. The Stars are a better team with a better record than they were a year ago when they won the ABA championship. Jimmy Jones has added finesse to the backcourt, and Willie Wise, who came into the pros hoping to become the best defensive forward and very nearly succeeded, has become a shooting Star as well. At the urging of All-Star Zelmo Beaty, Wise increased his offensive output when the Utah scoring pace flagged mildly in December. With his defense suffering only minimally, he has since been on a spree, scoring 20 points or more in 31 consecutive games. His average (23.2) is up eight points over last year, he has shot more than 50% from the floor and even his rebounding is improved.

Down in Dallas, however, a physical fitness nut and former Bucks' assistant, rookie Tom Nivalke, has pulled off the best coaching job in years. Dallas has two NBA-type guards in Donnie Freeman and Steve Jones, but its frontcourt is right out of Agatha Christie. The mystery men include the Chaps' best forward, Rich Jones, who plays at center, two NBA rejects and a 13th-round draft choice rookie from T.C.U. named Guo Kennedy. Kennedy, who refined to go out for basketball in high school because he was afraid of crowds but then changed his mind when his friends threatened to beat him up if he didn't, is a strong rebounder who fouls too often. He will guard Wise in the playoffs, and his ability to cut down on personals could be an important factor in the series.

The Chaps, who closed with a rush, winning 26 of their final 42 games, have a genuine chance to upset the Stars, even after dropping the series opener, 106-96 at Salt Lake City. After losing 17 consecutive games to Utah over the past two seasons, Dallas won four of the five final meetings this year, the only loss coming in overtime. If they beat the Stars, the Chaps also could do well against the Pacers, a team they defeated in seven of 12 games this year. Still, there should be one moment of joy for pro basketball fans in the East, regardless of the opponent, the Colonels ought to win the ABA finals.

END

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Still swatting the ball and barking orders like a drill sergeant, at 85 Hazel Wightman is truly the Queen Mother of U.S. tennis by **MELVIN MADDOCKS**

OLD LADY IN TENNIS SHOES



Late in the afternoon, when the sun starts a dip and the energies of normal people slump, a relentless rhythmic thudding begins in a brown-shingled garage only a couple of desperate lobs, three or four wild smashes, and maybe a tricky drop shot from the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, Mass. Plop-a-BOOM, plop-a-BOOM, plop-a-BOOM. The beat is so regular you could set a metronome to it.

What is this native drum so stubbornly saving to suburban Boston? Open the door at the left side of the garage and walk in. Half a dozen teen-age and pre-teen-age girls form an awed semicircle—apprentice priestesses, some in tennis whites and others in faded blue jeans. They come in the usual sizes and shapes. Fireplugs with determined red faces you wouldn't want to meet on a hockey field. Pale, languid, don't-mess-my-hair types—sex goddesses of Beaver Country Day School. But all have one thing in common: a tennis racket in hand, clutched like the Holy Grail.

In the middle, towered over by the taller girls, stands a Little Old Lady in Tennis Shoes. Plop-a-BOOM, plop-a-BOOM, plop-a-BOOM. A scuffed tennis hall is being propelled with controlled fury against a square of unpainted plywood at the back of the garage. Like a computer-directed missile the ball keeps hitting precisely the same spot: a little to the right of center—then arches back, bounding obediently onto the face of the waiting racket as if magnetized.

Little Old Lady has the voice of a genteel marine drill sergeant. As she strokes her flawless forehand she lays it on the recruits. Plop-a-BOOM. "Be ready!" Plop-a-BOOM. "Move! Move!" Plop-a-BOOM. "Do I give the impression I have lots of time?" Plop-a-BOOM. "I have, I have."

Now it is the pupils' turn. God have mercy on them, Little Old Lady won't. Her fierce cries rattle the garage windows.

"Where did you aim that ball?"

"Don't cross your feet! Don't ever let me see you cross your feet!"

"Be determined! Be determined! You're the master of the ball!"

IN A BOSTON GARAGE, apprentices learn from one who was playing before their grandmothers were born.

What did these poor sportswomen do to hang into their nice permissive little lives this sadistic perfectionist? As they lunge under those gray-blue eyes that miss nothing, absolutely nothing, they become total believers. They are (plop-a-BOOM!) in the presence of a superhuman, who certainly, beyond a doubt (plop-a-BOOM!), was there when the first tennis ball bounced on American soil.

Well, this is not far wrong.

Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, also known as the Queen Mother of U.S. tennis, was born in Heidelberg, Calif. 85 years ago, just 12 years after a Long Island socialite named Mary Fwing Outerbridge, back from winter-watering in Bermuda, brought through New York Customs a suspicious bundle—the first

tennis racket and balls to enter the U.S. The epoch-spanning Wightman chronology goes like this:

In 1902, when her present pupils' great-grandmothers were teen-agers themselves, she won her first tournament.

About the time pupils' grandmothers were being born, she was coping her first U.S. Women's Singles championships (1909, '10, '11, '19).

In 1923, when grandmother was just learning to run around her backhand, Hazel Wightman introduced team competition between women of the U.S. and Great Britain (The silver vase she donated as a trophy has come to be known, of course, as the Wightman Cup). Mrs. Wightman was playing captain of the American team five times between 1923 and 1931 and nonplaying captain

eight times between 1933 and 1948.)

In 1952, when the pupils' mothers were the pupils' age, she shared her ninth Women's Veterans' Doubles championship—her 43rd national title.

American tennis is almost 100 years old. The tiny, squarish frame of Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman has sized figuratively and often literally on center court for 70 of those years—a player, a myth, a monument. She even has a club named after her: The Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman Tennis Center, Inc. of Weston, Mass.

What, O Lord, is an American woman tennis player? Treacherous and irresistible question. Can any general profile include all the particular profiles from Mary Fwing Outerbridge to Billie Jean King? There may not be even a half-satisfactory answer. But if there is, it must have an awful lot to do with the answer to that other irresistible—and treacherous—question: What is a Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman?

If she was not there, not quite, when Mary Fwing Outerbridge turned in her croquet mallet for a tennis racket, Hazel was there when tennis was a hooty-hooty game, claimed as the exclusive property of those effete Eastern aristocrats of Boston, New York and Newport. The old primmakers caught the tone of a pastime a Henry James heroine might have indulged in before tea, discreetly swaddled in ankle-length skirt with one hand on her racket and one on her haute couture hat. Strictly no sweat.

Hazel was also there when—like well-coordinated doubles partners—tennis as a social institution and tennis as a game began to change styles, when Mary Fwing Outerbridge was succeeded by Allie Gibson, out of Harlem's Blue Book, and when the ladies who once went patty-pat began to go slam-bang.

The degenetization of Hazel and American tennis began in a backyard in Heidelberg in the 1890s. The childhood of most women tennis players contains one of two tormentors: nagging parents who make the mothers of child movie stars seem unambitious, or mean, mean big brothers. The parents of Suzanne Lenglen, French champion of the 1920s, were monsters, mesdames and messieurs. Munsters! Nancy Richey's father is a notable later case of tennis father, Hazel's father was a benign man



HAZEL WIGHTMAN IN 1920, THE YEAR SHE WON HER SECOND U.S. SINGLES TITLE

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Continued on page 102

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who tended to his grapes and spinach, founded a small canning company (later amalgamated into Del Monte) and allowed his daughter to use the space between dormer windows as a bang-board. What Hazel had were brothers—four of them, three older. She played football and baseball with them, filling the roles of the junior-lucky athlete: blocking back and fungo hitter.

Hazel was a beneficiary of the "Watch Sis" syndrome. For example: "Watch Sis climb this ladder with her fouds." "Sis may not have had it in the beginning," Hazel Wightman likes to recall. "But she sure got it in the end."

For a while Hazel ran more on motivation than muscle. Woman athlete, thy name is frailty. One day psychologists will run the health records of women tennis players through the old computer and confound themselves. Suzanne Lenglen, naturally, was a comparative physical wreck, dying at 39. Alice Marble had TB. Helen Jacobs suffered from pleurisy. Hazel was so sickly as a child that she spent more time out of school than in.

By the time she started tennis, her delicate days were behind her. But her health care—composed of pole vaulting as well as ladder climbing, baseball and football—was so strenuous that she has continued for 70 years to regard sports as a kind of obstacle course for the character. It seems perfectly consistent that her first court was a rough rectangle of gravel, divided by a rope stretched from her house to a rosebush. "You didn't dare risk a bounce—you had to volley," Hazel remembers gratefully. "Best training I could have had."

Another blessing well disguised was that once she got into tennis seriously, Hazel had to rise at 5:30 and sprint for a court at the University of California a mile away. In those pre-Lih days, girls were allowed to play only until 8 a.m.

Once a woman tennis player has overcome illness, satisfied her brothers and/or father (Hazel's brothers spurred her on by calling her "Rotten!") and battled for her space on the court, she is likely to flash a winning temperament that makes most male competitors look like milkshakes. And nothing bones her to a razor's edge like an Arch Rival. Helen Wills Moody had her Helen Jacobs. Hazel had her May Sutton.

Hazel's ground strokes (plop-a-BOOM!) were automaton-steady, but her serve was what you might expect from a girl just over five feet. So she won by doing what no lady was supposed to do in those days: hitching up her petticoats and storming the net. With her vineable serve, Hazel was never quite fast enough to reach the net in one sprint. Here the old gravel-court training paid off. "Be ready! Be ready!" Hazel was. She could half-volley an opponent's return in that no man's land between the baseline and the net—a feat few players even today can manage consistently. Then she would make it to the net for her opponent's second return—and WHAM!

A 1910 photograph shows what May Sutton and the other tigers of Early American tennis were up against. Hazel wears a kerchief tied no-nonsense around her hair. Her mouth is set in what might be described as a pleasantly menacing smile. Even standing still in a prim, ankle-length skirt, she evades force—a kind of hunger for combat. The daughter of a man who crossed the country from Kentucky in a wagon on train, she looks through the camera with the cool, farsighted gaze of a pioneer woman herself.

What did England make of Hazel when she first sailed over in 1905, regaling her fellow passengers from the ship's keyboard with her version of *The Maple Leaf Rag*? What did Boston make of her when she married George Wightman and moved East in 1912? The records are lost in time or blurred by polite nostalgia. But even New England must have been daunted by Hazel, the exuberant Californian who outdid the natives in Puritan will.

During her championship years she managed to bear—and breast-feed—five children. (She now has 13 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.) And between family and tennis a veritable lifetime of Good Works has been squeezed in. A compulsive cross-stitcher and cook-to-baker, she earned a 50-year service pin with the Red Cross, working in hospital canteens during two World Wars, dishing up a couple of dozen hot dogs at once ("Be ready! Be ready!"), mashing 20 or 30 tubs of ice cream. Perhaps her fondest Spartan dreams relieve her hostess duties at the docks or at the airport, comforting the troops with cof-

fee and doughnuts at 5 a.m. in the dead of winter.

She has a "hopelessly grooved zeal for helping her neighbor," one Hazel watcher has summed up. As the years have gone by, this zeal has manifested itself as a positive passion for teaching. Her record might well make her the most successful instructor in the history of American tennis, and certainly the cheapest—she has never taken a cent.

Tennis coaching, particularly among women, can be a Byzantine business, full of blood-oath allegiances and murderous fallings-out. More than once Hazel has found herself coaching Arch Rivals. Helen Moody was her star pupil, but she also drilled Helen Jacobs. She even entertained the two Helens and their mothers as her house guests—a situation roughly comparable to sleeping in four Lady Macbeths. During tournament week at Longwood, Hazel has put up—on window-seat mattresses, on sofa cushions—as many as 14 protégées and Arch Rivals.

Being a great teacher demands not only superlative tact but extra supplies of stoicism. What does teacher do when two pupils are battling it out with each other? "I usually want the one who is playing better tennis to win," Hazel wrote bravely in her peak teaching days. "But sometimes I have been so divided in my mind as to suffer at mistakes on both sides. This is so exhausting that I have been forced of late to cultivate an indifferent attitude while the play is on."

Tennis teachers, like theologians, can be divided into three general categories: fundamental, neoorthodox and liberal. The liberals say God gave every man his own unique style for hitting a ball with a racket. *Be natural. Be yourself.* There is no "right" way or "wrong" way. If you get the ball over the net and in the court, that's right. The neoorthodox say sure, that's all well and good. But there are, ahem, certain principles, certain laws of physics. No one way is absolutely right—but would you believe two right ways, or even three? Then, with a light but firm hand on the sleeve of your warmup jacket, they give you the allowable options. I or masance: the Eastern grip (like shaking hands with the racket) or the Western grip (hand a quarter of a turn back on the handle). And so on. The fundamentalist has found

continued

the Truth, and he sees no reason not to share it. He has tested his Truth under fire, and until you can show him a better way—and you never will—he is going to stick with his.

Hazel, at times, can sound like a liberal. She will say of very young children learning the game: "If they're not told something else, they'll do it right themselves—like walking." But her notion of early learning is extreme, even by present educational standards. (Just last fall she sawed off the handle of a racket and presented the shortened instrument to a former pupil's baby on her first birthday.)

At other times, Hazel can sound neoorthodox. She will speak with a nice latitude of "economy of motion" and "rhythm"—that cover word for all athletic directors. She can play it as broad as anybody with tactics: "Use whatever shot will keep your opponent at her worst."

But by modern tastes at least, Hazel is more nearly a fundamentalist than anything else. In fact, she began teaching half a century ago rather in the spirit of a revival meeting. She would grab rackets, balls, whatever Wightman tot was on the scene, and hop a streetcar to her next improvised clinic—Beaver Country Day, Windsor, Brookline High. Five afternoons a week she taught girls in gyms, on hard-surface playgrounds, anywhere a ball would bounce. Then for four decades of Saturday mornings she conducted mass classes at Longwood, climaxing in an astonishing organizational feat: one-day tournaments involving up to 100 children, supervised with a jolly iron hand by Hazel, who describes herself thus: "I like to be businesslike and have fun."

Her own upbringing plus all those years of plop-a-BOOM have made Hazel, if not quite a fundamentalist, a fellow traveler to one. Her intuitions about what makes a champion are crystallized in a book she wrote called *Beater Tennis*. The pages bristle with imperatives:

"Shoulders high, arms out."

"The left hand must hold the racket at the throat."

"Skip before and after hitting."

But what really strikes a reader is the way technical advice keeps slipping into a kind of metaphysics:

"Cultivate a buoyant spirit."

"Your footwork is life."

In the end Hazel gives license to the copybook moralist struggling to come out and includes an appendix of "Slogans and Maxims":

"Make excuses for others, never for yourself."

"Don't worry over your mistakes. Overcome them."

The burden of Hazel's moral injunctions have been borne not only by her pupils but by her doubles partners. Her greatest gift as a doubles player, cynics have sneered, was to choose brilliant partners—including Helen Wills Moody and Bill Tilden. But her partners, for their sins, have had to suffer the divine dissatisfaction Hazel feels for anything short of perfection. "It is hard to express in words the comfort there is in playing with a partner who helps at every stage," she has written. "But how few such partners there are!"

Not that Hazel is a bad loser. "Be a considerate winner and a cheerful loser," saith the Slogans and Maxims, and Hazel always practices what she preaches. But how she wants to be a considerate winner.

The terrors and pleasures of playing with Hazel have not excluded what one partner called "jocular battle cries." When badly down in a game, she likes to shout cheerfully: "Forty-love is no lead." When badly down in a set—say, 5 0—her half-serious idea of a bon mot was to ask her opponents: "Give up!"

"I have even known a player to ask her partner to keep still," she once wrote in slightly shocked disbelief.

To this day Hazel can't honestly understand why the whole world doesn't feel about tennis as she does. She remembers—practically her first memory—how fascinated she always was by a ball, "anything round." The toss, the recoil, the bounce, the brief, marvelous defiance of gravity. She would love to turn every child who can stand into a ball freak like herself. She points to the refrigerator—she calls it "ice box"—and tells a great-grandson, "If you can keep 20 going without missing, I'll give you a penny." To the child's mother she explains the advantages of indoor volleyball: "The risk of a broken vase or lamp makes skill and accuracy even more of a challenge."

As a teacher, Hazel has been less a

Svengali-maker of champions than a converter of the heathen, an evangelist preaching to the gawky and the shy, the sickly and the listless, salvation through tennis. She is in love, not with those who win but with those who want the most to win, the lighters, the scramblers—the Casalses, the Goolagongs ("I sense what's inside her").

A skill fanatic herself, she cannot resist those who are fanatic about different skills. For instance, Ted Williams: "He had such an exact knowledge of himself, of what he was doing." Or Bob Cousy—above all, Bob Cousy: "He was so far ahead of everybody, and he kept going back what he had." These are her saints—and the figure of speech is barely that. For tennis is practically a religion to Hazel, at the very least a holy "channel of intensified life."

In 1906 she was asked to play a match for \$300, "Of course I can't," she replied. "I play for the love of it." This is 1972, and amateurs—people who play for the love of it—are mostly waiting for the right moment to cash their virginity in. I rank Merriwell is dead. *Psychology Today* researchers prove that sports have nothing to do with character, and vice versa. And the New York Times pronounces that the game—any game—isn't worth the candle, any candle.

Hazel is aware of all this, without understanding it. She knows that there are other things in life than sports, and that sports have become Big Business. But she can't help herself. At 85, as at 15, her notion of heaven is a world where courage, gallantry, intelligence, even love—every facet of character—is defined by a girl's relationship to some kind of ball and to her opponent on the far side of that ball.

Who is this fugitive from an old sports reel and why is she saying these awful things about us? What does she know that we don't know that makes a game—a game—so worth it?

As she performs her small miracle—ball-to-target-to-racket-to-target—she puts the question on, so gracefully in her own way, partly to the silent young statues around her but maybe mostly to the ball: "What (plop-a-BOOM) do you think (plop-a-BOOM) Billie Jean King will be doing (plop-a-BOOM) when she's my age?"

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THE TRAVELERS

DIGGING IN AT CROOKED CREEK

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Along about the middle of spring training the world champion Pittsburgh Pirates locked themselves in their clubhouse at Bradenton, Fla., to vote on a proposal that would authorize action against baseball's owners unless certain moneys were forthcoming to sweeten an already fat pension plan. The Pirate meeting lasted about an hour. Afterward, when Dave Giusti, the team's player representative, was asked why it had taken so long, he said, "The main problem I had was to tell some of the players how to spell the word strike."

By the end of last week, with the opening game only a few days away, all the players knew the word well enough. They vacated training sites in Arizona, Florida and California, forcing the postponement of the remaining exhibition games and imperiling a season that had been rich with promise. Owners and players alike seemed to have their heels dug in over the players' request for a 17% cost-of-living adjustment in the pension plan. At present the plan pays a four-year major-leaguer \$2,092.08 a year at the age of 45, or \$7,416.48 at 65. Men who play longer are guaranteed increasingly higher benefits under a retirement program unimaginable to most workers in the nation today. Take Joe Gibbon as an example. A 37-year-old pitcher for Cincinnati who has averaged 54 innings of work over the last four seasons, he can cash in at the age of 45 after 12 years in the majors and draw \$5,584.32 a year for the rest of his life. Or he can wait until age 65 and receive \$19,501.32.

The owners seemed united and militant in their stand, while the players were also united, albeit somewhat con-

fused and, on the whole, anxious to play. Pension money triggered the strike, but the players had another, more emotional, impulse: a feeling that the owners were trying to destroy the Players Association because of their deep-seated dislike of Executive Director Marvin Miller.

John Gahern, negotiator for the owners, and Miller continued to meet in New York at the end of a fruitless week. The owners were unwilling either to hike the pension or bring in an arbitrator—a way out proposed by the players. And the fans were in a position reminiscent of the people who used to go to the edge of a very crooked creek in Alabama. The creek was so crooked that no matter how hard or often they tried to jump over it they kept coming down on the wrong side. Eventually, of course, they learned to walk around it.

Before the furor, and the unexpected death of New York Met Manager Gil Hodges, the game appeared to be having a delightful spring. Some of the players even seemed to like what they were doing. "It's odd, isn't it," Al Kaline said one day, "that you have to come to the end of the line before you realize how lucky you are." Steve Arlin, a practicing dentist of 26 who pitched in such tough luck for the San Diego Padres last season that he had a 9-19 record and did not even get his face on the bubble-gum cards, was philosophic. "I'm not in this game to qualify for a four-year pension," Arlin said. "Dentistry is my backup job, my insurance policy. I'm in the major leagues because I want to do certain things, and 9-19 isn't what I have in mind. If I pitch until I'm 34 I can still practice dentistry for 30 years. If I didn't play baseball I'm sure I would look back at age 40 and wonder about the



BASEBALL 1972

blank space in my life. Baseball brings an added richness."

Virtually every day crowds of people flocked to Bradenton to see the Pirates at work—and to scrutinize Manager Bill Virdon and Danny Murtaugh, his predecessor. When Murtaugh retired last fall he was heeding an old saying: "I want to be able to walk through the garden while I can still smell the roses." Today Murtaugh is the Pirates' director of player acquisition and development, and thus a man concerned with youth. One morning he assembled all the young infielders and spoke to them. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you look at the big club you will notice that some of our infielders are getting a little old. A minimum of six times this season Manager Bill Virdon is going to have to reach down into our minor league system and bring someone up. It will seldom be the best athlete. It will be the man the Pirates believe can do the things needed now. In Pittsburgh there is no sitting around. If you get to the Pirates, gentlemen, you will play."

Murtaugh made no such promise to fledgling outfielders. What with Stargell, Clemente *et al.* around, so talented a slugger as Richie Zisk was sent to the minors last week. "I'm like an extra flute player in the New York Philharmonic," said Zisk mournfully.

This year's new franchise is in Arlington, Texas, a community of 110,000 generally considered to be located right where the hyphen is in Dallas-Fort Worth. The Cleveland Indians have been sold again, this time to Nick Mileti, "The Sicilian Bill Veeco." (Indian fans, of course, set their alarm clocks to ring every five years because that's when the tax shelters run out and the club has to be sold again.) There are new uniforms all over the place and the most spectacular are the red, white and blue ones to be worn by the Atlanta Braves. The biggest ovation of the year probably will go to a man wearing one of those new uniforms, Henry Aaron, on the night of July 25, when he steps up to bat in the All-Star Game at Atlanta. Aaron is starting his countdown toward Babe Ruth's record of 714 home runs and he needs 76 to break it. A most popular man, Aaron over the last two seasons has accumulated more All-Star votes than any other player—2,514,163. Next come Johnny Bench, 2,151,785; Boog Powell, 1,833,043;

Brooks Robinson, 1,725,561; Willie Mays, 1,669,893, and Carl Yastrzemski, 1,659,739.

Bench, of course, is trying to make a big comeback with the revamped Reds in Cincinnati. And John has a new idea. He has said that he will not tip his cap to fans when he hits a homer. History tells us that two things happen to a man who does not tip his cap: a) he is booed; b) he becomes manager of the Texas Rangers.

As usual, there were rookies in plenty this spring and some fascinating ones, at that. One seemed to come out of the blue sky over Lakeland, Fla. Fred Holdsworth, a 19-year-old right-handed pitcher, although eventually sent to Toledo for regular work, looks like he might become the fourth starter Detroit has been searching for in its attempt to overtake Baltimore. Holdsworth is a Detroit area boy who was valedictorian of his high school class. "Valedictorian?" Manager Billy Martin said. "Does that mean you get to eat lunch first?"

This is the season after all those winter trades and the players seem as bewildered as the fans. Frank Robinson is in Los Angeles and Jim Fregosi in New York. Lee May will be playing in Houston while Alex Johnson is shooting for a comeback in Cleveland. Nolan Ryan is in Anaheim and Denay McLain in Oakland while Sudden Sam McDowell has lit in San Francisco.

(And talk about a different drum. Remember Richie Dick Allen? At first reported lost, he signed a contract with the White Sox at approximately the same time the rest of the players were striking.)

It could be that some of the trades that did not receive large headlines will turn out to decide the pennant races. The Twins, for example, picked up two of the prime relief pitchers in baseball—Wayne Grainger from Cincinnati and Dave LaRoche from California. When Bill Rigney has two such pitchers to juggle around there is no telling what might happen. It is said of Twin pitchers that when Rigney allows a man to work a complete game the pitcher goes home, sits on the bed and keeps repeating, "I can't believe I pitched the whooole thing." LaRoche is the man who stood on his head in the corner of the dressing room after giving up

continued

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DIGGING IN

a couple of runs in a game last year. Another time he hid under a table. "I just like to relax," he explained.

To be sure, neither LaRoche's pitching nor his methods of relaxation will close the gap between the National and American Leagues, which seems wider now than ever before. In the last two years the Nationals outdrew the Americans by over 10 million fans. It doesn't help that Frank Robinson, Sam McDowell and Jim Regan, drawing cards all, were traded out of the American League. Nor is it encouraging to reflect that the league will be without Vida Blue for at least a month, that Frank Howard did not swing a bat in spring training: that Denny McLain lost 22 games in 1971, that Kansas City's Freddie Patek, the league leader in triples and No. 2 man in stolen bases, is on the disabled list as the season starts; that Yarb did not have a good spring.

The subject of leadership on the Baltimore Orioles became a daily thing this spring. The departure of Frank Robinson had caused some optimism around the league that without Robinson the Orioles may find themselves in a tough pennant chase. The Orioles tend to minimize the situation because they feel the lessons taught by Robinson have been well learned. What Frank himself says is this: "If I had to pinpoint the leader this year I really couldn't say. Brooks [Robinson] is not made that way and Boog [Powell] shows away from the role. Among the pitchers, Dave McNally is a fine leader. He plays when he's hurt and battles all the time. Among the players who play every day, I think Merv Rettenmund might turn out to be the leader type."

Watch for that, and also note the wonders weight-watching has wrought throughout the game. Mike Liesten of the Oakland A's dropped 17 pounds, George Scott of Milwaukee 20, Les Cain of Detroit 30 and McDowell 18. The man probably most responsible was Joe Torre of the Cardinals (see cover), who went on a water diet two years ago, lost 15 pounds, and in 1971 became the National League's Most Valuable Player.

Torre did everything. He hit .363, drove in 137 runs and collected 230 hits while accounting for 352 total bases. In no month of the season did his batting average go below .324, and his pattern was all but incredible. .363 against right-handers, .362 against left-handers.

This spring Torre signed two one-year contracts with the Cardinals calling for \$130,000 in 1972 and \$150,000 in 1973. He is one of some 25 players currently making over \$100,000.

"The oddest thing about my signing," Torre says, "is that not too many people knew that I had made \$100,000 last year. This winter people wouldn't ask me what I hit, but what I weighed. Before I signed I was running laps to get myself ready. One afternoon a kid came up on a bicycle. I had on a red jacket, sweat pants and sneakers. He said, 'You a baller?' I told him I was. 'Who'd you play for last year?' he asked. I told him the Cardinals. 'What's your name?' Torre. 'What position did you play?' Third base. He said, 'I met a player named Ross Snyder once' and peddled off. I sure earned some kind of fame.

"In many ways maybe the best thing that happened to me was when we traded Richie Allen at the end of the 1970 season. I had come to St. Louis when they had Brock, Flood, McGraw players like that, so true pressure was never on me. When I played in Atlanta the real pressure was on Henry Aaron. When he didn't get a hit in a big situation the whole bench would deflate. When Allen left the Cards the pressure shifted to me. Actually, it isn't pressure so much as it is responsibility. Now I know that the guys are looking to me and I can't get down on myself because they are watching. I never routed and hollered as much on a bench as I did last year because I didn't want anyone to get down on themselves or the team.

When we lost Bob Gibson for a month, it wasn't just a matter of his missing three or four turns in the pitching rotation. We missed him on the bench. He keeps every body up, needles you, corrects you, challenges you to be better. One night in Philadelphia I got two hits my first two turns up and then popped up a pitch I should have really done something with. I normally don't show any emotion unless I get mad at an umpire. I don't hurt watercookers or throw bats. But I was mad and sat down next to Gibson and told him I should have had the third hit. He said, 'You really think you can get a hit everytime up?' I told him I did. 'Shhh,' he said. 'I've got to do that.'"

That's with the ball parks open, of course.

CONTINUED



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SULTANS OF SWAT--AND SOME NEW TURKS, TOO

One of the keen pleasures afforded by baseball is the detection of future superstars, a pastime that goes hand in hand with the continuing delight to be found in present giants. How splendid it must be to have seen Ruth in his prime and the young Gehrig busting in. How fascinating now to witness a Bobby Bonds in the same outfield with the sainted Willie Mays. On these pages, then, is a galaxy of greats painted in pop-art style by illustrator Don Moss with photographs of budding beauties as counterpoint. We open with Carl Yastrzemski, lord of the flies in Fenway Park's left field, who, like Mays, has a classy kid in his own backyard in powerful Reggie Smith. All Boston aches to see Yaz come off his woeful .254 season of 1971. Meanwhile, Smith helped himself to glory by clouting 30 home runs last year.

REGGIE SMITH





CARL YASTRZEMSKI



AMOS OTIS



TED SIMMONS



BOBBY MURCER



ROBERTO CLEMENTE

Angus Ott is the one the Mets let get away—to become a two-time All-Star at Kansas City with a big bat and a flock of stolen bases. Catching on as St. Louis catcher, Ted Simmons switch-hit .304 and enabled Joe Torre to move to third base. Bobby Murcer's .331 and 25 homers have given Yankee fans a severe case of the New Mickey Manias.



The old Clemente is good enough for Pittsburgh. Particular hero of the World Series, outfielder extraordinary, Roberto is .318 lifetime and this year is heading for hit No. 3,000. And into his 20th season swings Detroit's Al Kaline, first \$100,000 player in Tiger history and a fielder so fine he played 133 games of errorless ball last year at age 36.



Robinson, Baltimore's version of death and taxes, has been wounded in Crabtown to Robinson, Hiroki. But that is plenty. The best-fielding third baseman since the late Pie Traynor is hit, too. He also makes a lolly target for Detroit's incoming young glove man, Aurelio Rodriguez, probably the second best third baseman around.

Franklin, a Dodger who's in every lineup, retired his No. 10 in Baltimore. "Nobody is likely to retire his take-charge spine," Frank will win five or six games by himself in the late innings," says a former teammate. Robinson once managed Oakland's Reggie Jackson in winter ball and knows his bruising bat, which rapped out 32 home runs for the divisional champs.



BROOKS ROBINSON



AURELIO RODRIGUEZ



REGGIE JACKSON



FRANK ROBINSON



FRANK HOWARD



BOB ROBERTSON

Big Frank Howard and all the Senators became Rangers this year, and soon people should be gawking out beyond the fences of Arlington Stadium—or somewhere—to show where Hondo hit one. Spring found him a holdout, as usual. So Frank strikes out a lot. So does the Pirates' Bob Robertson, but when he connects it sails—even when he is supposed to bunt, as in the 1971 Series.



BOBBY BONDS

Let us now worship Willie Mays: remember the catch he made off Vic Wertz in the 1954 World Series? Or the way his cap would remain behind as he took the extra base? After 21 years and 646 home runs he doesn't play every game, but wouldn't it be nice to see him in the Series one more time, San Francisco? His Giant protégé, Bobby Bonds, has speed, power and a strong arm.



WILLIE MAYS

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SCOUTING REPORTS

Remember, now, the Washington Senators are the Texas Rangers, and Texas is American League West, not East, while Milwaukee is East, not West, although they are still the Brewers. And the New Jersey Yankees are going to stay in New York. Probably. After that things become trickier in the wake of massive player

deals. In these pages **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** sorts them out and analyzes the strengths and weaknesses of all the teams. William Leggett, assisted by Don Delliquanti, probes the East teams in both leagues; Ron Fimrite, aided by Jim Kaplan, the West. National League reports begin on the next page, American on page 68.

A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW

To win a pennant in the National League it seems a certain type of manager is required. He must be strong, quiet and patient. Some years he is named Walter Alston, others Red Schoendienst, Gil Hodges, Sparky Anderson, Johnny Keane or Danny Murtaugh.

So how does Bill Virdon fit in as the new manager of the world champion Pittsburgh Pirates? "There will be a difference between Murtaugh and Virdon," says Pitcher Steve Blass. "Murtaugh was a man with a sense of humor. I remember the first time I ever pitched for him and he gave me the ball and said, 'Steve, go out there and pitch three innings or four hours, whichever comes first.' Another time I was pitching in spring training and was wild as could be. Danny came to the mound and asked

last two years Giusti has saved 56 games and won 14 others and that totals 70. He also worked four games in the playoffs against San Francisco in addition to three against the Orioles. His ERA for those was 0.00.

Roberto Clemente needs only 118 hits to reach 3,000. And there are all those other hitters: Manny Sanguillen, Richie Hebner, Dave Cash, Al Oliver, Poh Robertson, Gene Clines, Willie Stargell. Stargell had an operation on his knee after last season and Pittsburgh needs a healthy Willie.

While the Pirates can dwell on their accomplishments of last year, the Chicago Cubs begin with their usual hang-over. Devosness was rampant in the clubhouse, and near the end of the season Owner Phil Wrigley placed ads in the papers in support of Durocher. Time and excuses are running out on the Cubs. They are aging but, should certain things fall into place, they could win the division. Durocher's future could be determined during the first two weeks when the Cubs meet Pittsburgh six times—one-third of the seasonal total. A good showing in these games would bring Chicago to life, a bad one will put Leo's head on the block.

Much of the hope for a successful season lies in the knees of Randy Hundley. "He's not only our catcher," says Reliever Phil Regan, "he's our leader." From 1966 to '69 Hundley averaged 153 games a season but since then has only 82 games of work. Part of Hundley's knees have undergone surgery. "Purely as a wild guess," says the team doctor, Jacob Siker, "Randy may be able to catch 100 and some odd games."

The major off-season maneuvers for the Cubs centered around building an outfield that could cope with the artificial surfaces in the league. Rick Monday came from Oakland and Jose Cardenal from Milwaukee and they will play center and right fields. Monday has now completed his military obligation and that should help him. Over the last five years he has averaged only 124 games a season. Harnessing Jose Cardenal has not been easy. If Durocher can draw the best from him, Chicago will have a very fast base runner with adequate power plus a hitter who can deliver runs.

With a splendid opportunity to win in 1971, Chicago folded in August, and Durocher was criticized for not using his bullpen correctly. But his hitters were really to blame and the starters had to struggle. Ferguson Jenkins won 24 games and the Cy Young Award while Milt Pappas (17-14) had his winningest season. The failure of the team to hit hurt Bill Hands (12-18) more than any other pitcher. From the end of June to the middle of September, Hands was cuffed. He won only one game and lost 10, and during the losses the Cubs scored only 14 runs. The fourth starter is Burt Hooton, the team's No. 1 draft choice last June who has only 21 innings of big league experience. The last word on the Cubbies, of course, must come from Ernie Banks, now a coach. "Something old, something new, the Cubs will do in '72," said Ernie.

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST



me what was the matter. I told him I just couldn't seem to find the plate. 'Rather remarkable,' he said. 'It's been in the same damned place for 78 years.'"

Nobody can judge what kind of humor Bill Virdon possesses until the Pirates go through their first losing streak, which may be never. If there is a problem, it could be the pitching. The biggest Pirate winner was Dock Ellis, the famed bed-measurer, with a record of 19-9. But Ellis finished the season with a sore elbow and a shaky record of 5-6 following the All-Star break. Blass was 15-8, Bob Moose 11-7, Luke Walker 10-8 and Nelson Briles 8-4, not bad but not overpowering. The relievers are better, Young Bruce Kison won plaudits for his relief performance in the Series, but still ranks behind Dave Giusti. Over the

Montreal's goal last year was to play .500 ball. It missed by 10 wins but even so the Expos were fifth for the first time after consecutive last-place finishes. "We did finish ahead of the Phillies," Manager Gene Mauch says, "but I really don't know if we moved ahead of them or if they slipped behind us."

The team's lineup will be basically the same with Rusty Staub (19 HRs, 97 RBIs, .311) the big man in the attack along with Bob Bailey (14, 83, .251).

Pitching is Montreal's big asset. Carl Morton was 10-18 following his fine 18-victory rookie season. "He had tenderness in his elbow," Mauch says. Steve Renko won 15 games and Ernie McNally was one of the better pitchers after the All-Star break with a 10-4 record following a 1-8 first half. But the best Montreal pitcher was Bill Stoneman (17-16), a 28-year-old righthander.

Fans in Philadelphia are being asked to "Join the Vet Set" at Veterans Stadium as the Phillies try to scratch their way up from sixth place. There is some hope, but again this will be a year of development for a franchise trying to alter its image. Two fine things happened last year: the development of Willie (The Phillie Phanatic) Montanez into an outfielder who can make things happen (30 HRs, 99 RBIs) and the emergence of Larry Bowa as the best shortstop in the league. Over the last two seasons Bowa has made only 24 errors even though he had to make the adjustment from real grass to fake, and his .987 fielding average set a major league record.

The young Philly outfield has possibilities in one of those rare new ball parks where the home run is not an impossibility. Only Atlanta Stadium, with 186 home runs, provided a better target than Veterans Stadium (153). Mike Anderson is up from Eugene, Ore., where he and Greg Luzinski each had 36. Roger Freed was a huge disappointment (only six homers, 37 RBIs) but he hit .346 in the month of September.

Catcher Tim McCarter was three points above his lifetime average of .275 in 1971 and provides much of the spark for a team that needs all it can get. First baseman Deron Johnson had a good year with 34 HRs and 95 RBIs.

What does Manager Frank Lucchesi do about his pitching staff? He prays for it. Hard, just like last year. Barry Lersch had a four-month, 11-game losing streak and Chris Short had a record of 7-14. Woodie Fryman came out of the bullpen after the first half of the season to produce a six-game winning streak and a 10-7 record. By getting Steve Carlton the Phils seem to be overriding left-handed pitching. The Rick Wise-for-Carlton trade deprived Phillie fans of one of their favorites, and Carlton may hear those famous hoos if he doesn't get off to a smart start.

One of the good moves the organization made was to pick up Tommy Hutton from the Dodgers. Hutton, a fine fielding first baseman, hit very well in the minors and his .352 average, 117 runs scored, 46 doubles and 103 RBIs made him the MVP in the Pacific Coast League.

Seldom has a team been written out of a pennant race as quickly as the New York Mets. Such judgments could prove very wrong. New York thrives on its pitching and seems to die with its hitting; at least that was the case last

year when the team's pitchers worked 73 games in which they gave up two runs or less. Unfortunately, in 70 games the hitters produced two runs or less. (Imagine the possibilities if Met pitchers got a whack at Met hitters.)

Attempts to help the attack generated a trade with the California Angels that brought Jim Fregosi to New York as a third baseman. Fregosi, six times the AL's All-Star shortstop, hurt a thumb this spring and now must overcome the injury, learn to play a new position and adapt to National League pitching.

Beyond that, the basic cast of characters is unchanged. With Fregosi or Wayne Garrett at third, the infield will be composed of Ed Kranepool, Ken Boswell and Bud Harrelson, hardly names to wake up any echoes of the 1929 Yankees. Still, the same cast played in a World Series. Jerry Grote will catch and is trying to alter his obstreperous reputation. Cleon Jones hit .319 but drove in only 69 runs, and Timmie Lincecum's homer production dropped from 24 to 14, although his average was a solid .285. Either Ken Singleton or John Milner will play right field.

One worry for Manager Gil Hodges prior to the opener was the condition of Tom Seaver's arm. Seaver's five-year record is 95-54 and any continuation of arm trouble might cause the franchise to slip into the muck of Flushing Bay. "Anytime you can run Seaver through the league 35 to 40 times you've got a chance," says Montreal's Gene Mauch. Behind Seaver comes Gary Gentry, seemingly more mature but the holder of a lifetime record of only 34-32. The Mets are still concerned about Jerry Koosman's left arm. Following his first two seasons of .3621, the next two produced only .18-18 and the team waits him to use his fast-ball more than Koosman wants to use it. Tim McGraw and Danny Fiedler formed one of the best bullpens in either league last year.

In many ways the second-place finish of the St. Louis Cardinals in 1971 was unexpected both to the organization and the fans. Despite one horrendous month, June, when the team won only eight of 29 games and fell from first place, 2½ games in front, to fourth, nine games behind, the Cards rallied themselves and also broke four young players into frontline positions.

Reggie Cleveland (12-12) stepped in as a rookie and walked an average of only 2.15 batters every nine innings, while Jerry Reuss (14-14) proved to be the fourth winningest left-hander in the league despite his inconsistency and an ERA of 4.78.

The other two positions filled were center field, where Jose Cruz worked well and hit .274, and catcher, where Ted Simmons hit .304 with 77 RBIs and produced 12 game-winning hits. St. Louis led the major leagues in hitting last year with .275 but its pitchers compiled an ERA of 3.85, 22nd in the big leagues. Bob Gibson needs only five victories to become the team's all-time winner and will be joined by Wise (17-14 with Philadelphia). Cleveland and Reuss to make up four of the five arms needed in Red Schoendienst's pitching rotation. Finding the fifth pitcher proved a problem during the spring. The bullpen, a sore spot in 1971, should be improved. Finally, the Cardinals seem to have recovered the spirit so helpful in their winning years.

Continued

ANY ONE OF FIVE CAN DO

The clear-cut, obvious choice for a winner in this chummiest of divisions is San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Cincinnati and Houston. San Diego must be considered a long shot. Though a five-way tie for first is not inconceivable, a six-way tie may be dismissed as rank conjecture. The fact remains that because of a congenial mixture of strengths and weaknesses, injuries and enigmas, five of the six teams are contenders.

Last year's champions, the Giants, have not appreciably strengthened or weakened themselves, and it is unlikely they will enjoy similar early foot. Ahead by nine games as early as May 15, the Giants staggered home only a game ahead of the Dodgers. But while their rivals scuttled about the marketplace in the off-season, the Giants contented

from a faceless cast of characters that includes Don Carithers, Steve Stone, Frank Reberger, John Cumberland and Ron Bryant. All may take comfort in the sturdy presence of Jerry Johnson in the bullpen, a relief pitcher who worked in 67 games last year and who, when told facetiously by Fox that he might expect even longer hours this season, replied, "I may fume."

The Giants' couchwork may look much the same but there has been tinkering under the hood. Chris Speier, just 21 and with enormous potential, has been persuaded to try switch-hitting. This actually is no great trick, since the shortstop is ambidextrous anyway. Even more interesting is Fox' decision to try Dave Kingman at third base. At 6' 6", Kingman may become the tallest third baseman in history. And though he may look a bit awkward on occasion, he does hit those tape-measure home runs. Fox also hopes for something other than a partial season from Willie McCovey, baseball's most feared hitter when he is healthy, which isn't often. Fox would like to get maybe 90 games out of the other Willie, the still wondrous but now middle-aged Mays. With these three, plus the flashy outfielders Bobby Bonds and Ken Henderson in the lineup at the same time, the Giants are fearsome offensively. But pitching may be their undoing.

Pitching is no problem with the Dodgers. Adding the left-handed Tommy John to a staff that already included Al Downing, Don Sutton, Claude Osteen and Bill Singer seemed almost excessive. And though they lost the former Richie, now Dick, Allen in the trade with the White Sox for John, they also acquired Frank Robinson from Baltimore, so they have lost nothing in batting power.

The Dodger infield, anchored by the elderly Maury Wills at shortstop, should be strengthened by the return of Bill Grabarkewitz, who missed most of last season with a shoulder injury. With Grabarkewitz at third, Wills at short, Jim Lefebvre at second and Wes Parker at first, the Dodgers have a quality inner defense. In the outfield they have Robinson, Willie Davis and Willie Crawford and can platoon Manny Mota, Bill Buckner and Bill Russell. Davis will be looking for his fourth successive .300 season.

The Giants and Dodgers don't scare Luman Harris, manager of the Atlanta Braves. "I won't hedge on this statement one bit," he said in spring training. "This is the best personnel I have had at Atlanta. I have always wanted to be in a position where I had more good players than I had positions for them to play." Harris should be concerned, however, about whether two of those players—Rico Carty and Orlando Cepeda—can play anywhere.

Carty, the league batting champion two years ago, missed all of last season with a broken leg. Cepeda missed most of it with an injured knee. And yet Harris insists Carty will be his leftfielder and Cepeda his first baseman. Orlando limped noticeably in spring training, but as one veteran Cepeda-watcher commented, "That's O.K. He limps all the time." Carty looks healthy enough for a man who has survived a broken leg, three shoulder separations and

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themselves with letting their young players grow a year older. Their one trade of consequence—Pitcher Gaylord Perry to Cleveland for Pitcher Sam McDowell—is at least superficially tit-for-tatish. Both have been 20-game winners and though Perry, at 33, is older by four years, he is considerably more dependable than Sudden Sam.

The Giants might ordinarily have been heartened by Perry's first start against them in Arizona this spring—he gave up five runs in three innings—had it not been for McDowell's shabby debut of the day before, in which he gave up eight in one inning. Still, Manager Charlie Fox is counting upon a slimmer (by 20 pounds) if not wiser McDowell as his second starter behind the estimable Juan Marchal. The other starting pitchers must be selected

tuberculosis. If he is, Harris will have the best hitting outfield in memory: Carty, who hit .366 the last season he was able to play, in left; Ralph Garr, who hit .343 last year, in center; and Henry Aaron, who only wants to break Babe Ruth's home-run record, in right. Garr's move from left to center will free Sonny Jackson for a return to the infield. He may not be a starter, though, for Harris seems to prefer Darrell Evans at third and Marty Perez at shortstop, Jackson's old position.

But the Braves, like the Giants, have pitching worries. Harris favors a five-man rotation of Mike McQueen, Ron Reed, Phil Niekro, Pat Jarvis and George Stone, gentlemen who are not liable to threaten the records of Warren Spahn. McQueen pitched just 56 innings last year and is recovering from elbow surgery. Of the others only Niekro had a winning season, if 15-14 can be considered a winning season.

The Cincinnati Reds at least remember what it was like to be winners, as do those new Houston Astros who used to be Reds. The Reds and the Astros negotiated one of the top body-count trades of the off-season, the Reds dispatching Lee May, Tommy Helms and Jimmy Stewart to the Astros for Joe Morgan, Denis Menke, Cesar Geronimo, Jack Billingham and Ed Arnsbrister. It was a transaction that effectively altered the styles of both teams. The Reds, who lived with power in the permanent-winning season of 1970 and died with it last year, are now more of a speed team, the Astros, who hit the fewest home runs in the major leagues last season, are now more of a power team. This is what is known in the democracies of the National League West as the balance of power.

In deciding to redefine themselves, the Reds did not stop with the Houston trade, however. They sent the industrious reliever, Wayne Granger, to Minnesota for left-hander Tom Hall and they sent Pitcher Milt Wilcox to Cleveland for Ted Uhlaender, a swift outfielder who hit .288 for that dreadful American League team in 1971.

The Reds did hold onto such 1970 luminaries as Pete Rose, Johnny Bench and Tony Perez and they are hoping, perhaps vainly, that Bobby Tolan, who missed all of last year with a torn Achilles' tendon, can play. Bench didn't exactly miss last season; it just seemed that way. The league's Most Valuable Player in 1970, he was very nearly the least valuable a year ago, hitting .238.

But Bench was not solely responsible for the Reds' descent from the top to the middle. Bernie Carbo hit an almost invisible .219, and Perez, who had a reasonably good, for him, year at bat (25 home runs, 91 RBIs), had trouble fielding ground balls on Cincinnati's artificial turf and throwing them to first. May's departure will permit him to return to first base, where he will be safer.

If Bench and the rest of the moribund sluggers regain the touch, the Reds can score runs again. The question is: Can they get the other side out? Here the Reds will need more help than they received last year from the sore-armed Wayne Simpson, who won four games, and from Jim Merritt, who won one. Simpson is the pivotal figure. That leaves shortstop, which Woody Woodward vacated when, at 29, he decided to stop covering ground and start selling it with a Florida land-development firm. Contend-

ing for the vacancy are Darrel Chaney, who played most of last year for Indianapolis, and Dave Concepcion, who hit .205 for the Reds. Well, you can't have everything.

Or can you? Houston Manager Harry Walker suspects that with ex-Red May to hit for him and ex-Red Helms to field for him at second base, his team may at last have it all together. May hit 39 home runs last year, which is more than half as many as the entire Houston team hit. The catch is that May says the one place he doesn't hit home runs is in the Astrodome. "But that isn't because of the Dome," he hastily appends. "It is the pitching I've always faced in Houston."

He has a point there. Indeed, the Houston pitching staff had the second-lowest combined earned run average—3.13—in the league last year. And now Don Wilson (2.45 ERA) and Larry Dierker (2.71) will be joined by Dave Roberts (2.10), who was obtained in a remarkable trade with San Diego, a team with a penchant for divesting itself of pitching talent, as witness the successive deals for Pat Dobson and now Roberts.

Anyway, May won't have to worry about facing Houston pitching this year. And as a flip he won't have to worry about those distant Houston fences either, since the Astros have kindly moved them some 10 feet closer to home plate for him.

May isn't the only power batter on the Houston team, although the others were admittedly hard to find last year. Jim Wynn, the onetime "Toy Cannon," who has hit as many as 37 home runs, had only seven last season. But he was having troubles with both his wife and his manager. He divorced the one and reconciled with the other, and Walker now expects him to improve his homer output by 20. For added power, there is Cesar Cedeno, the centerfielder who had 81 RBIs, 10 home runs and a league-leading 40 doubles and who, at 21, is just learning how to play the game.

It will take a minor miracle to keep the Padres out of last place. "We have youth and speed," says Manager Preston Gomez. And, he might have added, not much else. Without Roberts, the Padres' pitching will not be as effective as it was a year ago—third-best ERA in the league. The only remaining pitcher of proven quality is Clay Kirby. The San Diego defense is weak and the offense negligible. "Defense is our biggest problem," says Gomez. "Defense is the key in any sport."

The Roberts trade did bring Gomez a reportedly competent second baseman in Derrel Thomas, who spent last year batting .286 for Oklahoma City. Gomez also anticipates an improved performance from Shortstop Enzo Hernandez, who tied San Francisco's Spier for the league lead in errors—33—at this position. And Gomez' Outfielders John Jeter, Clarence Gaston, Leron Lee and Ollie Brown are respectable.

Gomez speaks of the other five teams in the National League West almost as if they were in some other division, league or galaxy, so he can look upon them with proper detachment. They are no threat to him. Which one looks good to him? "I think Houston has helped itself more than any other club," he said thoughtfully.

For one thing, Houston has Dave Roberts.

TURN TO PAGE 98 FOR AMERICAN LEAGUE SCOUTING REPORTS

MASTERS OF THE MOUND-- AND THE GAME

Like a lot of other baseball men, the George Siskers—George Sr. is the Hall of Famer, George Jr. the president of the International League—consider pitching the essence of the game. But the Siskers have gone quite a bit farther than most and a Sisker chart of pitching's rise since about 1940 to its present position of overwhelming dominance would climb like a 747 at takeoff. From hours spent analyzing pitchers past and present, they have drawn some provocative conclusions. Their first time in print, for example, in this magazine last April, the Siskers proclaimed Sandy Koufax to be the greatest pitcher of all time. In brief, he came out with a higher efficiency rating than Christy or Dizzy or anyone else who ever pegged a ball 60'6".

A Sisker rating is a number reflecting several ingredients, but the hallowed earned run average is not one of them—among other things the Siskers believe it can be manipulated by managers—while factors such as strikeouts and denying batters walks receive heavy emphasis.

The pitcher everyone was talking about last season—and all spring, too, as his holdout war with Charlie Finley waxed and waned—was Vida Blue of the Oakland A's. Twenty-four victories, eight defeats, adulation, MVP, the Cy Young Award. After a winter's homework, however, the Siskers say neither Blue nor the Cubs' Ferguson Jenkins, the National League Cy Young winner, was as efficient a pitcher in 1971 as Tom

Seaver, *pitcher of the New York Mets* and the man firing in the picture to your right. Seaver, Blue, Jenkins and other top starters in both leagues are ranked by the Siskers on page 67.

Curiously, the Houston Astros, who tied for fourth in the National League West in 1971, are the only team in either league to place four pitchers in the top 20. Now that Houston has picked up Dave Roberts, rated 13th, their fans are entitled to dream of a divisional championship for the Astro-dome. Although the Astros got more attention in the off-season by acquiring slugger Lee May and infielder Tommy Helms from Cincinnati, Roberts could be the pivotal man. Houston lost 43 games last year by a single run. Consider this: Pat Dobson of the Padres was No. 15 in the 1970 Sisker ratings and was traded to Baltimore off a 14-15 year, a season similar to Roberts' 14-17 at San Diego. Dobson blossomed into a 20-8 pitcher with the Orioles, and his winning percentage of .714 was the fourth best among regular American League starters.

But only two of Baltimore's four 20-game winners, Dobson and Jim Palmer, appear among the AL's best 20. Dave McNally wound up 22nd and Mike Cuellar 25th.

Scan on and you will notice that the Hell's Angels, also known as California, put three men in the top 20. Their fourth-place finish is not so mysterious, however, when the Angels' hitting deficiencies and discipline problems are taken into account. Three Yankee pitchers also were among the top 20, a performance negated by poor defense and a barren bullpen, which produced only 12 saves all season. The year before virtually the same Yankee relievers had 49. "When I saw the difference between what they did one year and failed to do the next, I thought it was a misprint," says Manager Ralph Houk.

Which brings us to a new Sisker category, relief pitching. Ratings for the best in both leagues follow those of the starting pitchers. As recently as 1960 there was no statistical method of expressing the effectiveness of a bullpen, but then the "save" evolved. The definition of save has varied since *The Sporting News* unofficially introduced the term. At first, the rules stipulated that a

continued





relief pitcher must face the potential tying or lead run at the plate during his tenure on the mound, and that his team win the game in order for him to be eligible for a save. Now, all a reliever must do is maintain somebody else's lead the rest of the game to receive a save. The final score could be 10-1. He cannot be credited with a save if he does not finish the game unless he is removed for a pinch hitter or pinch runner. In the event that two pitchers qualify for a save, the reliever judged most effective by the official scorer receives credit for it. Only one save can be awarded per game and a reliever who gets a win cannot also receive a save.

The introduction of artificial playing surfaces, particularly in the National League, where half the stadiums have them, has caused a drastic reassessment of relief pitchers. Because fake grass "hurries" the ball through the infield, everyone wants strikeout relievers now, rather than the pitcher who can come in and get a batter to hit a ground ball. In the American League only Chicago has artificial turf as the season opens—Kansas City will not see its all-artificial field in the Truman Sports Complex until midsummer—thus strikeouts are not so crucial.

However he gets 'em out, the relief pitcher has emerged as an extraordinarily important individual. Time was when starters also finished games. Now it is seven innings, if that, and show something different. No batter seeing six different pitching speeds from a mixture of right- and left-handers, and on occasion a specialist prescribed just for him, is going to hit as well as against the same old thing for nine innings, which is just another chapter in the continuing story of why pitchers are paramount. .400 hitters are extinct and it will be a pretty good man in 1972 who can rip out a .270.

Say this for Cleveland, which lacks distinction in virtually every other department: the top American League reliever for 1971 was the Indians' Steve Mingers. And relief pitchers are now far from the underpaid serfs they once were. Ron Perranoski of the Tigers makes an annual salary of \$60,000.

WILLIAM LEGGITT

Waiting for Vida was a covering spring game as the electrifying Oakland left-hander sparred with tough-rolling Charlie Finley.

STARTERS



NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	RATING
Tom Seaver, Mets	20	10	1951
Ferguson Jenkins, Cubs	24	13	1671
Don Sutton, Dodgers	17	12	1531
Don Wilson, Astros	16	10	1500
Ray Sadecki, Mets	7	7	1485
Bob Gibson, Cardinals	16	13	1429
Nen Farnsworth, Astros	8	8	1426
Gary Nolan, Reds	12	15	1396
Juan Marchal, Giants	18	11	1373
Gary Gentry, Mets	12	11	1365
Bill Stoneman, Expos	17	16	1329
Phil Niekro, Braves	15	14	1323
Dave Roberts, Padres*	14	17	1304
Gaylord Perry, Giants**	16	12	1275
Dock Ellis, Pirates	19	9	1269
Jack Braggs, Astros***	10	16	1263
Jim McGlothlin, Reds	8	12	1240
Reggie Cleveland, Cardinals	12	12	1234
George Stone, Braves	6	4	1225
Larry Dierker, Astros	12	6	1220

* Traded to Astros

*** Traded to Reds

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	RATING
Vida Blue, A's	24	8	1881
Mickey Lolich, Tigers	25	14	1524
Whitey Wood, White Sox	22	13	1521
Bert Blyleven, Twins	16	15	1489
Joe Coleman, Tigers	20	9	1462
Pat Dobson, Orioles	20	8	1415
Jim Hunter, A's	20	11	1401
Marty Pattin, Brewers*	14	14	1389
Rudy May, Angels	11	12	1375
Tom Bradley, White Sox	15	15	1360
Jim Palmer, Orioles	20	9	1287
Fritz Peterson, Yankees	15	13	1271
Clyde Wright, Angels	16	17	1256
Sanny Stribert, Red Sox	16	10	1230
Nel Stottlemyre, Yankees	16	12	1230
Andy Messersmith, Angels	20	13	1207
Ray Culp, Red Sox	14	16	1207
Sam McDowell, Indians**	13	17	1186
Jim Kaat, Twins	13	11	1180
Steve Nune, Yankees	12	13	1175

* Traded to Red Sox

** Traded to Yankees

RELIEVERS



NATIONAL LEAGUE

	SAVES	WINS	RATING
Steve Hamilton, Giants*	4	2	1956
Tug McGraw, Mets	8	11	1919
Danny Frazier, Mets	12	8	1824
Jim Brewer, Dodgers	22	6	1777
Jose Pena, Dodgers	1	2	1651
Joe Horner, Phils	9	4	1616
Bill Wilson, Phils	7	4	1525
Ray Newman, Cubs	2	3	1421
Nen Brubawsky, Cardinals	8	6	1417
Pete Mikkelsen, Dodgers	5	8	1392

* Acquired by Cubs

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	SAVES	WINS	RATING
Steve Mingers, Indians	4	1	1790
Joe Greenko, Senators*	5	5	1786
Jim York, Royals**	3	5	1742
Dave LaRoche, Angels***	9	5	1722
Roland Fingers, A's	17	4	1667
Pete Richter, Orioles****	4	3	1555
Mel Queen, Angels	4	3	1545
Donald Knudsen, A's & Sen	9	7	1544
Ken Sanders, Brewers	31	7	1485
Roger Nelson, Royals	0	0	1472

* Traded to Cardinals

** Traded to Twins

*** Traded to Astros

**** Traded to Dodgers

THE BIRDS OWN THE BALL

Wanted, a race to draw some people into the ball parks. The problem, Baltimore. The league champions have a new goal, which is to become the first team in history to win 100 games in four consecutive seasons. Trading Frank Robinson to the Dodgers may not have seemed the most logical way to begin the quest, but the Orioles are so player-rich that something had to give. Merv Rettenmund, the team's top hitter in 1970 and '71, takes Frank's right-field position, but, oh my, consider the really young players crashing in. Bobby Grich, all-everything in the International League (.336 and 32 home runs at Rochester), is the foremost of these. When Brooks Robinson had to miss a spring game because of a wrist injury, Manager Earl Weaver called on Grich, who promptly

replace either Belinger or Johnson in the starting lineup. In the meantime, he will be worked to gradually. "I feel that Bobby is one heck of a player," says Johnson. "The more good ones we have on our side the better off we are. You don't go around being jealous of other people. If he's good enough to take my job away it will happen."

If so, the decision will be made by Weaver, who has managed in the minors, majors and winter ball since 1956 and finished first or second with 14 teams. Weaver has heard some sprightly spring talk about Detroit, and he says, "The Tigers did a good job last year. They really seemed to believe that stuff Billy Martin was telling them. I know he says they have a good chance of beating us this year. What else is Billy Martin going to say?"

Well, a number of things. Like "We got to win five games of them late in the season and we certainly had our share of problems early." Indeed the Tigers did. Pitcher Joe Coleman missed the first three weeks of the season because of a concussion caused by a line drive, but he came back to win 20 games while losing nine. Les Cain had shoulder troubles and was sent to Toledo. He returned to post a 10-9 record.

Mickey Lolich, however, was no problem. Mickey was a delight. He started 45 games and was the winningest pitcher in the major leagues, with 25 victories. His 376 innings of work represented the most since Grover Cleveland Alexander pitched 388 back in 1917.

Detroit does certain things very well to help its pitching. Although the Orioles probably are a better defensive team, the Tigers had the best fielding percentage in the league last year and also led in home runs (179), with eight players hitting homers in double figures. If Aurelio Rodriguez can duplicate his 83 RBIs of 1970 and Norm Cash has a year similar to his 1971 (32 homers, 91 RBIs), then the Tigers could do more than just pare down the 12 games that separated them from the Orioles at the end of the season. By platooning Dick McAuliffe and Tony Taylor at second, Martin hopes to produce more runs. Lest the point be missed, Detroit scored only 41 fewer runs than Baltimore.

Managing the Tigers demands a great deal of communication because the team is getting old and slow. The Tigers stole only 35 bases in 1971 while being thrown out 43 times. Over the last two seasons the ratio is terrible (64-73). During the same period Lou Brock stole 115 all by himself. Because of their age, the Tiger outfielders have to be rotated, and Martin does this expertly.

Al Kaline is now the Tigers' first \$100,000 player. There is such a refreshing stubbornness about Kaline that he seems to come from another time. A year ago the Tigers wanted to pay him that honor but he refused to take the raise because he felt he had not had a good enough 1970 season. Last year he was the top hitter among the regulars at .294 and played errorless ball.

Centerfielder Mickey Stanley, whose streak of 500 chances and 164 games without an error ended last year, but for

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST



went 5 for 5. He was at third that day, but he can play any infield position.

Moving up from Rochester with Grich is Don Baylor, an outfielder who hit 20 homers and stole 25 bases while driving in 95 runs. His .329 was the best average in Puerto Rican ball. Also in from Rochester is Roric Harrison, the International League's top pitcher in 1971. He finds himself in heady company. Those 20-game winners, Dave McNally, Jim Palmer, Mike Cuellar and Pat Dobson, have not retired, and Doyle Alexander has come from Los Angeles, where he had excellent control.

The starting outfield now becomes Rettenmund, Don Buford and Paul Blair. The infield remains Robinson, Shortstop Mark Belinger, Second Baseman Dave Johnson and First Baseman Boog Powell. Someday Grich probably will

the highest average of his career, .292. "I guess I quit pressing and the balls fell in," Stanley says. "You can count me as one of those who believe Baltimore can be had. They are going to miss Frank Robinson. When I looked at him I saw a guy who was really tough in the clutch. We made a run at them at the end of the season to get close, and then we tapered off and they pulled away. But we won't have that much catching up to do this time."

Catcher Bill Freehan agrees with Stanley. "No matter what business you are in," he says, "when you take the big man out it means a lot. Our concern, however, can't be wondering about what the loss of Frank Robinson is going to do to Baltimore. Our real concern has to be with ourselves. We know Baltimore is going to be good. We have to be better."

It is traditional to say the Boston Red Sox "have a chance." Where will the Red Sox finish? In Detroit on Oct. 4 is the only safe response. Eddie Kasko spent the spring giving the impression he had something up his sleeve. Close inspection revealed only his arm. Or a few arms, for Kasko feels he has the best pitching staff of his tenure. He is trying to fashion a new look on defense—speed to go with that pitching—and it could work if the speed can stay in the lineup. Luis Aparicio will soon turn 38 and that is ancient for a shortstop. Doug Griffin encountered severe back problems during most of 1971, and Tommy Harper's stolen base total of 73 in 1969 for Seattle shrank to 25 last year at Milwaukee. But 25 stolen bases for a Boston player causes the light to go on in Old North Church. Only once since 1935 has a Sox player stolen as many as 26. Harper will play center field, with Reggie Smith in right and Carl Yastrzemski in left. Look for Yaz to hit more to left field and center. If the Sox really do play a running game, watch for Carl to run, too. He's good at it.

But what of the wall, the Great Green Monster in left? Who will make use of the GGMH? Danny Cater, acquired from the Yankees, will not hit it very often. Harper might do a job on it, and then again he might not. Third Baseman Rico Petrocelli, however, has demonstrated that he can.

The two new pitchers on the starting staff are Marty Pattin, winner of 28 games for Milwaukee over the last two seasons, and Rogelio Moret, a 22-year-old left-hander who was 14-1 during the Puerto Rican schedule. Sonny Siebert (16-10) was the team's top pitcher and he is an "Onole killer," with a career record of 15-4 against them. Ray Culp (14-16) is the other starter. But both Culp and Siebert finished last season with arm trouble. And anchoring is a question mark, too, on this mystery team.

It is not inconceivable that Milwaukee could have its best team and worst record in 1972. The Brewers were baseball's best last-place club in 1971. They added some badly needed power by picking up George Scott, Billy Conigliaro and Joe Lahoud from Boston, but their move into this division could make winning much harder. Last year they were 27-45 against East teams, 42-47 against the ones in their own division.

The Brewers were not opposed to the division switch, however. Travel will be easier, there are radio and tele-

vision benefits and their East opponents should be better draws in Milwaukee. If their pitching holds up, the Brewers could move out of last place.

Last year the Brewers led the league in shutouts with 23 and had the sixth-best team ERA, 3.38. Unfortunately, they were last in club batting (.229). They traded Pattin and Lew Krause, two of their better pitchers, to Boston for Scott, Conigliaro, Ken Brett, Jim Lonborg and Lahoud in a 10-player deal. Scott, Conigliaro and Lahoud accounted for 49 Sox homers and 143 RBIs, somewhat misleading figures since Conigliaro and Lahoud were platooned. Reportedly there was bad blood between them in Boston. "It was competitive," Lahoud says, "nothing personal. It seemed I would have a few good days and then I'd be benched as soon as I had a bad one. That's no alibi, just a statement of fact."

Lonborg, Bill Parsons (13-17), who was the Rookie Pitcher of the Year, Jim Slaton (10-8) and Skip Lockwood (10-5) are the starting pitchers. The prime man in the bullpen is Ken Sanders, who had 31 saves and finished 77 games. "I wish Ken Sanders was twins," said General Manager Frank Lane.

As for the Yankees, at last the public will get to see a young ball club. Not a terribly good one, perhaps, but young. It will be tested early. In its first 10 games New York draws Baltimore eight times, Detroit twice. To stay in the race the Yankees will have to start well.

Ralph Houk, optimistic senior grade, believes he has one of the game's best outfields to get things moving. Bobby Murcer attained stardom last year with a .331 batting average, 25 home runs and 94 RBIs. Roy White is a good player and Rusty Torres is up from Syracuse with excellent notices. The infield corners are in the hands of two potentially fine hitters, Rich McManey at third and Ron Blomberg at first. Defensively, however, they are hardly wizards. Shortstop and second base have been depressed areas in recent years and it is doubtful that Houk will permit as many infield crimes as he has in the past, although he is still scaffolding for able bodies.

New York's relief pitching collapsed in 1971, but then bullpens often follow hard years with good ones. The arrival of Sparky Lyle from Boston should help. Mel Stottlemyre, Fritz Peterson, Steve Kline and Mike Kekich will be the first four starters. They are not McNally, Cuellar, etc., but New York should not finish 21 games behind the Orioles again this season.

Cleveland has a new owner, Nick Milei, who reminds some people of Bill Veeck. That is Veeck as in wreck, which is the recent status of the team. Sam McDowell's stormy career has blown off to San Francisco, but Alex Johnson comes to the lakefront with a reputation for walking on land when he should be running. Gaylord Perry will give an otherwise poor pitching staff some stability. So might Milt Wilcox, picked up from Cincinnati. Graig Nettles is a fine third baseman with power (28 HRs, 86 RBIs), Chris Chambliss has potential at first and Ray Fosse gives the team a solid catcher. Milei's showmanship could get some people out to the ball park. If so, there might be some money to work with and then the Indians can start working on their future. The present is too bleak to consider.

CONTINUED

AL

NOBODY'S BLUE IN OAKLAND

Dick Williams, manager of the Oakland A's, would not discourage the other five teams from playing their 162 games, but he is pretty certain how things will turn out in his division. "I like this ball club," he says affectionately. The A's finished 16 games ahead in the West a year ago and there is plenty to like, with or without Vida Blue, he of the epic contract dispute with Owner Charles O. Finley.

For that matter, there is much to like about Williams himself. While preaching the age-old virtues of hard work and dedication, he increasingly resembles a rock guitarist. Williams is not one to judge a man's worth by his appearance, so his team may be the most spectacularly coiffed in baseball. His own shimmering locks reach nearly to his

money is." But Fingers, Darold Knowles and Bob Locker make for a formidable bullpen and Williams would rather keep the combination intact.

The A's have substance throughout the lineup. Mike Epstein has slimmed to 208 pounds from last year's 225 and is more determined than ever to play against both left- and right-handed pitching. Dick Green is the second baseman. Bert (Campy) Campanaris the shortstop and Sal Bando the third baseman. All are dangerous hitters. Angel Mangual beat out Rick Monday for the center-field job last year and made possible the trade with the Cubs for Holtzman, but he tore a thigh muscle this spring and opened the door to Bobby Brooks and George Hendrick. Joe Rudi on left and Reggie Jackson in right complete the outfield. The temperamental Jackson seems to be thriving on the philosophy that the team comes before the individual. "Reggie had an enjoyable season in 1971," says Williams. "He put the hat on the hall when we needed him to." Which is to say he wasn't always swinging for home runs.

Behind his team Williams picks—in order—the White Sox, Kansas City, California, Minnesota and something he calls the Washington Senators. White Sox Manager Chuck Tanner might not agree entirely with that assessment. He is the new proprietor of the perpetually Dick (you knew him when he was Richie) Allen. The White Sox offered Allen the richest contract in the 71-year history of the team, which he promptly rejected. But as much as Allen, who has been with four teams in two leagues in four years, likes life on the open road, last week he signed for \$135,000.

Allen, teamed with last year's American League home run champion, Bill Melton, would give the Sox uncharacteristic punch. Additional power is also available from Outfielders Rick Reichardt (19 home runs), Walt Williams (294) and Jay Johnstone (116 home runs), and from First Baseman-Outfielder Curley May (294, 16 game-winning RBIs).

White Sox pitching improved last year, a phenomenon baseball analysts attribute to Pitching Coach Johnny Sain. Without Sain in 1970 the staff had an earned run average of 4.54; with him the ERA was 3.12. Wilbur Wood, who won 22 games and lost 13, became Sain's 10th 20-game winner in 10 years of coaching. The arrival of Stan Bahnsen from the Yankees and the continued improvement of Tom Bradley, who went from two wins to 15 in one season, should make for an even more agreeable pitching year.

The White Sox advanced 23 games in the standings and moved from sixth to third in the division last year. They also increased their home attendance from 495,355 to 833,891. Another thing they did well was beat the A's—11 games to seven. But somebody else has to beat the A's once in a while if the Sox are to overtake them. Help just might come from the Kansas City Royals, another improving team with grand designs. The Royals finished second, though scarcely within hailing distance of the A's, but they are getting better. And they are certainly the run-

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST



shoulders. "My job is to get the best out of each player, no matter what he looks like," he says.

No matter how you view them, the A's look good. If Blue is available, Williams will have a four-man pitching rotation—Blue, Jim Hunter, Ken Holtzman and an awed-ly rejuvenated Denny McLain—that is the equal of any save Baltimore's. Even without Blue the A's pitching staff is sound. John (Blue Moon) Odom and Chuck Dobson are both recovering from sore arms, and it is unlikely Dobson will pitch until at least a month of the season has passed, but Williams can still call on Jim Roland, Diego Segui and even his redoubtable reliever, Rollie Fingers, for starting assignments. Fingers, who pitched in 48 games last year, started eight and prefers to cast himself in that unfamiliar role, reasoning that "starting is where the

ningest team in the game. They had 130 stolen bases last year, 101 by Outfielder Amos Otis and Shortstop Freddie Patek. Their pitching and defensive play was so improved that the Royals won 20 more games than they did in 1970 while scoring eight fewer runs.

Sometime this season the Royals will move into their new \$35 million stadium, with its \$2-million coat-of-arms scoreboard and \$750,000 outfield fountains. The fountains will be capable of putting on a 20-minute show all by themselves. One will rise to a height of 70 feet in celebration of each Royal home run. Another will respond to the cheers of the crowd, peaking as the noise increases. The new park will also have the American League's first all-artificial turf. Only the mound, home plate and the sliding areas around the bases will be real dirt. There is some question, of course, as to how Patek, at 5' 4" the game's shortest player, will stand up to the hops he can expect on the artificial surface when he recovers from a spring stomach disorder. But if Patek is anywhere near as effective as he was on the good earth, where he and Cookie Rojas helped the Royals lead the league in double plays, he will rise to the occasion.

Catcher Jerry May, through no fault of his own, is better known for falling to the occasion. Scarcely a season passes without something unkind happening to him. In 1969, for example, he crashed into a dugout while playing for Pittsburgh and the ambulance rushing him to the hospital had an accident of its own. May played in only 71 games last year, was on the disabled list twice and was saddled with lesser injuries at least three other times.

A healthy May would be a steady influence on a pitching staff headed by 17-game winner Dick Drago and 15-game winner Mike Hedlund. Paul Splittorff, who pitched from late June to early September with an ERA of 1.41, should be the third starter, and Monty Montgomery, who joined the team late in the season and was scored upon in only two of the 21 innings he pitched, could be the fourth.

John Mayberry, acquired from Houston, might add some power to the gentle-swinging Royals infield, and Otis in the outfield has superstar potential. Last year he led the league in stolen bases with 52, hit .301 and led his team in home runs (15), RBIs (79), total bases (246) and game-winning hits (14).

The California Angels, who spent much of 1971 lighting among themselves, are now prepared to take on outside opponents. They may be overmatched. At least their troubles this season are physical — no power — not mental. Gone are Alex Johnson, Tony Conigliaro, General Manager Dick Walsh and Manager Lefty Phillips, four of the protagonists of last year's ugly drama. But gone also with Johnson and Conigliaro is the hitting the team sorely requires. In new General Manager Harry Dalton and Manager Del Rice the Angels have at least acquired two leaders who are accustomed to winning. "I did not leave the Orioles to come into a bad situation," says Dalton. "This won't be one." So far, at least, it is not.

"There's real unity here," says Pitcher Andy Messersmith, who won 20 games for last year's disunited malcontents and, until the changes were made, wanted to be traded. "Everyone is trying now. It's great to be on this team."

Messersmith is one of the good Angels. So is left-

hander Clyde Wright, who pitched the same number of innings (277) as Messersmith and had the same ERA (2.99) but four fewer wins. Nolan Ryan, obtained from the Mets in a trade for Jim Fregoso, will be another starter if he ever locates the strike zone. Rudy May is a good Angel and he knows where the strike zone is. It's just that he is about as unlucky as his namesake on the Royals. What else can you say about a man who injures his shoulder, as May did last year, tripping over his own dog?

The Angel infield will benefit from both the hat and the glove of Leo Cardenas as shortstop, who came to California from Minnesota in a trade for Pitcher Dave LaRoche. He joins an apparently set infield of Jim Spencer at first, Sandy Alomar at second and Ken McMullen at third. The outfield is less settled, but scheduled for left and adding zest will be Vada Pinson, who came from Cleveland in the Alex Johnson transaction.

Whatever rest Minnesota has left rests with its aging mainstays, Harmon Killebrew, Tony Oliva and Jim Perry. The pitching collapsed ignominiously last year, leaving the division champions of 1969 and '70 in fifth place, 26½ games behind the A's. Perry, who won 17 and lost just as many, will be available again, but at 35 he is not the Cy Young Award winner of two seasons ago. Manager Bill Rigney also has Jim Kaat, who won 13 and lost 14, and young Bert Blyleven, who won 16 and lost 15. LaRoche, a left-hander, will join the busy Wayne Granger in the bullpen.

Killebrew and his 515 home runs will be back at first base and Rod Carew, a .300 hitter, will be at second, but the rest of the infield, particularly shortstop, looks like a hus stop. The outfield is built around Cesar Tovar and Oliva, who played much of last season with torn cartilage in his knee yet still managed to win his third batting championship. The knee was operated on in September, and Oliva still was moving slowly during spring training. If he is not fit, the Twins will not be, either.

Come the worst, Minnesota should still be fitter than the Texas Rangers, who made the jump from Washington, D.C. to Arlington, Texas, and from the league's Eastern to the Western Division, but improved only their economic situation. Texas has welcomed them warmly.

The move west has at least made it possible for Owner Bob Short to abandon his practice of hiring so-called gate attractions, e.g., Denny McLain, Curt Flood, in the hope of luring the unsuspecting into his stadium. A major league team, even a facsimile of one, is enough of a draw in Arlington. Short and Manager Ted Williams now can content themselves with teaching their youngsters. Seven of the players in the Rangers' spring camp were first-round draft choices, among them Pitcher Pete Broberg, 22, and Outfielder Jeff Burroughs, 21. As the season neared the lone Ranger with a reputation, Frank Howard, ended his hopeless holdout. And Don Mincher, who hit .280, and Ted Kubiak, a dependable infielder, will add some spice to the green team Short and Williams will serve the customers.

Anyway, Ted Williams, who is behaving more and more like the kick-their-tails John Wayne of *True Grit*, should find a following in Texas. But he is not about to head Oakland's Williams off at the pass. Neither is anyone else.

END

It might have been a scene from *Maverick* or *Hatsunogari*. **Patrick Hemingway**, 41, son of the late novelist **Ernest Hemingway** and now a wildlife management instructor, joined a group of conservation students trying to flush a wounded bull buffalo from the Tannanish bush last month. Breaking off the search at dusk, Hemingway was headed back when the animal suddenly burst from the trees and charged. Hemingway dodged behind an acacia tree, but the buffalo came close enough to snag the sling of his rifle as it went by, carrying the weapon off into the bush.

Miami running back **Jim Kick** paid a visit to the Bowayne Kennel Club with a friend, public-relations man **Julian Cole**, and was spotted by a woman who thought she recognized him. When she had trouble coming up with the name, Cole said, "I'll give you a hint," and began humming *I Get a Kick Out of You*. "Oh, sure," she said. "You're Garo Yepremian."

■ If Brian does well in the Olympic sprints this year, watch for scenes like this all over the world. **Ron Jones**, British 100-meter champion, is hoping that hauling on a one-ton automobile

will build up his muscles for a faster start. And who knows? If this works, maybe he can move up to trucks, then railroad cars, then.

Twenty-year-old **Robert Zuhri** of Great Neck, N.Y. was awarded patent No. 3,652,091 last week for his new three-man chess game. It is played on a 96-square, hexagonal board with three sets of standard chessmen—in red, white and black. The winner is the last one left after the capture of the two enemy kings. Zuhri may have one of those inventions whose time has come. It sounds like just the board for the moved-up matches scheduled this summer between **Robby Fischer** and **Boris Spassky**.

The National Audubon Society is up in arms over a report that **Walt Chamberlain** had a bedspread made from the fur of thousands of wolves. **Robert C. Boardman**, the public information director for the society, wrote to Chamberlain taking him to task for his inadvertent support of the bounty program against wolves. "If, after reading this, you agree that it is wrong to kill wolves that aren't bothering anybody," wrote Boardman, "please let me know and



I'll pass on the word. The wolves could use a friend about your height and weight."

Golf hustlers everywhere are sleeping a little easier these nights because **George Low** has found honest work. Low, whose dead-eye putting stroke has broken the heart of more than one clubhouse sharpe and steamed the jam of many a touring pro who came to him for coaching, is now marketing his own line of blades, 10 designs in all. The new putters will no doubt be a hot item among pros and hustlers alike—assuming Low a piece of the action even when he can't get into the match.

◆ Kicks of Atlanta's inner city come face to face last week with an Easter bunny even larger than **Homer**. **Claude Humphrey**, defensive end of the Atlanta Falcons, dressed up in the appropriate duds—complete to cotton tail and floppy ears—and then dropped out of the sky in a green helicopter, carrying an enormous basket of eggs. Outfitting

Humphrey was a bit of a close thing, since bunny suits do not traditionally come in NFL defensive-end sizes. But then somebody remembered one that was left over from a **Rock Hudson** TV series. The cast-off suit fitted the bill perfectly. And, at 6'5" and 248 pounds, Humphrey filled the suit perfectly, too.

This week's Law-and-Order Award goes to light-heavyweight boxer **Bob Foster**, who moonlights as a deputy sheriff in Albuquerque between fights. It seems Foster recently spotted this car exceeding the speed limit, hauled it over and wrote out a \$25 ticket. For that bit of crime-busting, Foster has paid dearly. The miscreant happened to be his wife, Pearl, and, besides giving him an argument at the scene, she didn't cook him a meal for a week.

Give the man credit. Even though he quit after 200 miles of kidney-busting competition across the Nevada desert, hydroplane driver **Bill Minney** deserves high marks for his efforts in the recent 270-mile Del Webb Desert Rally near Las Vegas. Driving a two-seat buggy, he expressed deep respect for land racers. "I have the greatest admiration for anyone who enters one of these things," said Minney afterward, but from now on, he'll stick to the ups and downs of hydroplaning.

Mercedes-Benz is taking applications for a novel tournament to be played this June at the Royal Zoute Golf Club on the Channel coast of Belgium. Only Mercedes-Benz owners will be allowed to make the trip, at \$570 per head. Of course explains Mercedes' public-relations director **Leo Keime**. "If a golfer who doesn't own a Mercedes-Benz wants to go, all he has to do is agree to take delivery of a new car." This will add a mere \$6,000 to the trip. Maybe Ford has a better idea.



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With a strong right arm and his trust in the Lord, stay-at-home Mike Durbin rolled bombs at his opponents before a happy Akron audience

At 55, the Riviera Lanes in Fairlawn, Ohio, just a few shopping malls west of Akron. Plastic tulips and daffodils gaily blooming at the edge of the parking lot. On the wall overlooking lane one a huge photograph of Richard Nixon about to roll a strike. Yes, the one and only Riviera, home of the Firestone Tournament of Champions, last and most lucrative stop on the winner pro bowling tour. Such a tourist attraction: the Grauman's Chinese of eastern Ohio—that the proprietor now passes out souvenir ashtrays to folks who stop by to howl or merely gaze at the alleys used once a year by the stars.

Last week it was time again for the Firestone, the eighth annual, with a pot enchased by 25¢, to \$125,000—and Akron got itself into the kind of twot it reserves for the Soapbox Derby, one of its two major golf tournaments or any sharp increases in tire sales. The *Akron Beacon Journal* became the *Akron Bowling Journal*, running 35 stories and columns on the event in less than a week, plus a front-page article on a local woman bowler whose leg was impaled by a long splinter when she slipped at the foul line Ooh.

Akronites flocked to the Riviera, devouring cheeseburgers and sausage sandwiches, cheering the strikes and groaning at the splits. When it came time for the nationally televised finals Saturday afternoon—Hoover Chris Schenkel at the mike adding to the Midwestern sincerity—it seemed only right that the winner should be Mike Durbin, home pro of a howling establishment in nearby Chagrin Falls and such a dedicated, stay-at-home family man that he refuses to return full time to the Professional Bowlers Association tour. Durbin started off the last day in third place, but he went out under the hot, glaring TV lights, averaged 258 and beat three fading opponents to walk off with the \$25,000 first prize, which was \$2,000 more than he won in his best previous season.

One reason for the victory was Dur-

bin's strong, steady right arm (there is not a man on the PBA tour who can put him down arm wrestling). Then there was his style. He uses an unusually short, three-step approach and seems to just nudge his plastic ball down the lane, as if he wanted to saddle it up against the pins for a snapshot. Instead, his rolls generate a lot of pin action and off hits, bowling's equivalent of the broken-but single. *Cautious Camera* once did a hit on a rigged howling lane wherein women duffers startled their husbands by getting strikes no matter where they rolled, even in the gutters. On quite a few of Durbin's shots, when one or two pins would sway drunkenly and finally topple, he seemed to have Allen Funt on his side. Durbin gave the credit elsewhere. "The Lord was with me," he repeated. "Jesus said, 'Without Me, you can do nothing,' so obviously He played a part."

Admittedly once "a rounder, a drinker, a carouser," Durbin is now a sincere convert and is convincingly straight-arrow about everything else, too. Carmen Salvino, one of the PBA's characters and crowd-pleasers, was once delayed for hours by Venezuelan officials when he tried to get through customs with an undrilled howling ball. They thought it might be a bomb and argued that everyone knows a real howling ball has finger holes. Reformed Mike Durbin radiates such an aura of goodness that, had it been he, the officers would have assumed it was just a giant jawbreaker.

The Akron tournament started inauspiciously, with Fairlawn Mayor Joseph Hartlaub rolling out the first ball and putting it in the gutter. The mayor had greeted the pros at their pretournament banquet the night before by presenting each of them with a city of Fairlawn income-tax statement—a move that stimulated some good-natured grinning among the bowlers. And little Tan Harahan of Canoga Park, Calif., who was to be the leader going into the final day, confessed he had a bit too much "ex-



DURBIN GIVES THANKS FOR A STRIKE

tracurricular activity" Monday night and didn't make Tuesday's practice.

After that, it was mostly high-quality howling and high scores. Terry Booth, Mike Lemongello and Larry Firth had 300 games. Durbin simply *sizzled* in the first 24 lines, averaging 255-plus, a PBA record. One reason was that the Riviera had resurfaced its maple and pine lanes only last August but, more important, the PBA is now dressing the lanes for all its tournaments, spreading oil (sometimes mixed with STP, the howler's edge) on the lanes each morning to prevent tracks from developing and to give right-handers an even break with lefties. The STP supposedly changes the viscosity of the oil, making it hold up longer. The American Bowling Congress is suspicious of this unctuous practice and refused to sanction 23 PBA 300 games.

"We do not create an artificial aid to scoring," said one PBA official. "It would just help the marginal player."

—CHRISTOPHER

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BOWLING Continued

The spectators did not particularly care about such things as long as the pins kept falling. Most notably, they fell for Durbin and Harahan. Mike was the leader through four rounds, dropped to second, then on Friday night in the last game before the finals, he slipped to third with an embarrassing 147. Harahan, a consistent winner of money but not, since 1968, of tournaments, led from the end of the fifth round on, winning 19 and losing five in match play. Thrice before he had been the top dog on Saturday and thrice he had lost. Still, the worst he could do at Akron was second-place money of \$14,000.

The TV show started off with fifth-place George Pappas beating fourth-place Teata Semu. Pappas weighs only 130 pounds, and a lot of people hoped he would keep clawing upward until ABC-TV would have a battle of the jockeys with Harahan vs. Pappas at the end. But Pappas made a mistake against Durbin, a disastrous 4-6-7-10 split in the sixth frame, and he lost by 22 pins. Then Durbin threw a 269 at Larry Laub and charged into the last game.

Throughout, Akronites who paid up to \$5 for their bleacher seats—the finals had been sold out since last January and Firestone officials were besieged all week by long-lost pals seeking admission—were lucky if they could see the tempers on the TV lanes. If they couldn't, they had to content themselves watching the TV monitors or idly evaluating the President's form in the blowup. These are probably the same fans who go out to Derby Downs on the hottest day of the year, and they are Akron originals. After Durbin disposed of Laub, they settled in for what they hoped would be a tight, climactic match.

But Harahan was not in it for long. He missed a 5-7 split, then he left three pins in the seventh, picking up only two. Durbin beat him by enough lumber to build a new Levittown.

There was no doubt that Durbin would money over from Chagrin Falls for the next Firestone (he can watch the *Bowling Journal* for time and channel), but, gee, now that he had \$25,000 in the bank, wasn't he tempted even a little bit to get back on the road?

"No," he said. "I'm where He wants me to be. Bowling doesn't enthral me anymore, it really doesn't."

Akron, for one dizzy week, anyway, could not agree. **END**

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1969

Elizabethtown, 4/15, 1st Place, J. Mueller.
Akron & Berea, 5/13, 1st Place, L. Mueller.
Piquette, 5/14, 1st Place, D. Devendorf.
Windsor, 5/14, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Tadley, 5/20, 1st Place, J. Smiley.
Hagerstown, 5/27, 1st Place, B. Krokus.
Warren, 6/14, 1st Place, B. Krokus.
Lake Arrowhead, 6/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Bibi Lake, Labor Day, 1st Place, L. Mueller.
San Marcos, Labor Day, 1st Place, T. Waugh.
Bryar, Labor Day, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Gateway, 9/21, 1st Place, G. Smiley.
Pocono, 10/11, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Daytona, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, J. Kelly.

1970

Pocono, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle.
Wentzville, 5/24, 1st Place, G. Smiley.
Riverside, 7/1, 1st Place, J. Rumer.
Wentzville, 7/1, 1st Place, G. Smiley.
Lime Rock, 7/1, 1st Place, J. Aronson.
Claine, 7/19, 1st Place, J. Speck.
Pittsburgh, 8/2, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Daytona, 8/2, 1st Place, H. Le Vanisou.
Watkins Glen, 8/16, 1st Place, J. Aronson.
Lake Arrowhead, 8/16, 1st Place, G. Smiley.
Green Valley, 10/22, 1st Place, J. Speck.

1971

Riverside, 2/14, 1st Place, L. Mueller.
Dallas, 2/14, 1st Place, J. Ray.
Phoenix, 3/28, 1st Place, L. Mueller.
Arkansas, 4/18, 1st Place, J. Ray.
Willow, 5/11, 1st Place, M. Meyer.
Spartan, 5/16, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Summit Pt., 4/28, 1st Place, K. Slagle.
Arkansas, 8/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
San Marcos, 8/17, 1st Place, R. Knowlton.
Bridgehampton, 5/14, 1st Place, A. Slagle.
Cumberland, 5/16, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Lime Rock, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Cajun, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Speck.
Portland, 6/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Thompson, 6/13, 1st Place, K. Slagle.
Laguna, 6/20, 1st Place, L. Mueller.
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly.
Ponca City, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Speck.
Bryar, 9/5, 1st Place, K. Slagle.
Portland, 9/12, 1st Place, M. Meyer.



Triumph Spitfire

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**Respectively, the 2 tire companies in the world
with the most experience in making**

steel-belted radials.

**A superior type of tire,
but more difficult to make.**

The steel-belted radial is rapidly becoming recognized in the United States as the king of tires.

Not only does it have the superior performance characteristics of a radial tire, but it also offers substantially greater protection against disabling cuts and punctures than fabric-belted tires, because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire.

Other companies are beginning to produce this advanced type of tire. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with than fabric.

Uniroyal has made more than 20 million steel-belted radials in Europe over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly.

In fact, the only tire company in the world that has more experience than Uniroyal in making steel-belted radials is our competitor Michelin.

**A leading German motor magazine, Auto Zeitung,
tested 13 radial tires well-known in Europe.
These 3 received the highest ratings:**

Tests: (1971)	UNIROYAL 180 (Steel)	MICHELIN EX (Steel)	PIRELLI CF 67 (Fabric)
Safety and Performance:			
Cornering	10	8	6
Wet skid	10	9	6
Handling	10	8	10
Tracking	8	10	9
Braking	8	7	6
Lateral Stability	9	8	5
Overall Response	8	7	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	63 (90)	57 (81)	49 (70)
Economy and Comfort:			
Wear (normal driving)	8	10	10
Thereby % Wear	8	10	10
Wear (fast driving)	8	6	7
Rolling Resistance (low speeds)	8	10	9
Rolling Resistance (high speeds)	7	10	9
Availability	6	5	10
Comfort	7	6	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	52 (74)	57 (81)	62 (89)
END RESULT	(164)	162	(159)
RANKING	1st	2nd	3rd

The other radial tires tested, their end result and overall ranking, are as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 4th, Conti TS 771, steel (158) | 9th, Phoenix P 110 TI, fabric (132) |
| 5th, Kleber V 10, fabric (147) | 10th, Bridgestone RD 11, fabric (131) |
| 6th, Conti TT 714, fabric (137) | 10th, Metzeler Monza, steel (131) |
| 6th, Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137) | 12th, Metzeler Monza, fabric (130) |
| 8th, Dunlop Sp 57 F, fabric (136) | 13th, Goodyear G 800 Rib fabric (128) |

**Uniroyal steel-belted radials
are now available in the United States.**

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place overall in the Auto Zeitung test—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular imported cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M.

This tire is being produced in the United States.

**When you go to buy a steel-belted radial,
don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a
steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.**

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone 800-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the Auto Zeitung test report, along with three test reports on radial tires that appeared in "Auto Motor und Sport" Magazine of Germany during '69, '70 and '71? Send 25c to Dept. GP2, Uniroyal,

Middlebury, Conn. 06749. When you're finished reading this series of reports you'll know what to look for in radial tires.



Not only Foster got stung

In the beginning nobody thought there would be a fight. In fact, the Japanese Boxing Association had just finished saying there could not be a fight, but Yoshio Kou, who must have as much confidence and con in him as Muhammad Ali himself, got talking. Kou painted a picture of thundering rights, cataclysmic lefts, crashing bodies, short counts, long counts—in general, a merry hellam. The fight was on.

Well, not quite on, and that is the rub. Ali, still proclaimed (by Ali) as "the world's greatest boxer," was there, bigger almost than life and so was his sacrificial victim, one Mac Foster, a gung-ho ex-marine who was said to be just the man to put up a stirring struggle

before, of course, crashing. But somewhere along the way in their 15-round bout in the lovely octagon-shaped Nihon Budokan (Martial Arts Hall)—say at about the 10-second mark of the first round—it became clear that this was not going to be quite the bout that Promoter Kou had promised would save Japanese boxing. In truth, it might have killed the game, slowly, lingeringly. As the fight ended, some Japanese were shouting, "Damasareta," which on the other end of the overseas broadcast translated roughly to "We wur robbed." They wur.

Not, of course, by the buildup. If Muhammad has lost some of his old, beautiful skills—and there was ample evidence last week that he has—he still gives life to the dollar in the weeks preceding his less-than-artistic triumphs. He may have given even more than that in Tokyo, where he seemed to find soul mates in all the people. He refereed matches between Japanese Pee-Wees, he prayed at the Tokyo-Islamic temple, he visited a U.S. Air Force base near Tokyo at the invitation of the Brotherhood of Military Airmen and Black Americans Association, he got "knocked out" by his middleweight sparring partner as cameras clicked and the large crowds at his little training sessions roared with delight. And he talked—oh, how he talked.

Cassius Clay, as the Japanese press

referred to Ali, possibly because they did not want to confuse their readers any more than Ali had already done, was a new experience for the writers, and they filed reams of copy about his everyday antics. Foster had arrived in Tokyo first, with his manager George Stasa, trainer Ralph Gambusi and sparring partners Wayne Kindred and Henry Culpepper. Everybody was impressed by his size and speed and heavy punching, and he became an instant favorite of the newsmen, who told their readers of Foster's fistac genesis, of the career that had begun some years earlier when he was a marine stationed at Yokosuka, an hour by train from Tokyo. But then came Ali. End of Foster ink.

At his first news conference Ali warmed up with one of the many verbal attacks that were to last to the weigh-in. "Foster," he said, "has been talking too much. Usually I do the talking. Tokyo is too small for two big mouths. Foster had better get out of town by noon of April 1 [about half an hour before the fight was supposed to start]."

One day, after negotiating three rounds each with sparring partners Dave Adkins and Alonzo Johnson, Ali shouted, "Round five. It shall be over not in round four or six but round five. I like the number five. I get up at five in the morning and I run five miles. I eat five poached eggs for breakfast. I drink five glasses of orange juice and five glasses of ice water during the day. I take a nap at five p.m. My daughter is five years old. I have been married five years and I met my wife on June 5."

Ali's boast was one of the reasons a surprisingly large crowd—Kou claimed it was 15,000—turned out for the fight, although it was held at the uneartly hour of 25 minutes past high noon on a Saturday, making it possible to show the fight live by satellite in the U.S. and Canada on Friday night. The prices alone should have killed the attendance. They ranged from 3,000 yen (\$10) to 30,000 yen (\$100), which would be high anywhere but were grown by Japanese standards. So were the telecasting fees paid by five Japanese sponsoring companies. The hunt was not even being hatched out in Tokyo.

But Ali had prepared well and he was still working the promotion as he marched, characteristically late, into the ring. He was wearing a gorgeous Jap-



ALI SENT WATER FLYING AND RAISED A FEW WELTS. ALSO SOME JAPANESE STEREOBS.

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Quaker State your car to keep it running young.



If you're visiting a foreign country, get set for some hard laws.

No matter which way you fly, you'll run smack into drug laws that are a whole lot tougher than ours.

You may have heard difficult stuff. You may have heard possession of a lot of drugs overseas can result in a longer sentence. Or at least a jail and... That's a lie. Drugs are illegal. It's same, really. And that's the truth.

Only one thing is different. The penalties are stiffer. In Lebanon for instance, possession of one gram of heroin can get you a month in hospital. That's why yes. And there's more to knowing their law.

Drug arrests of Americans overseas have jumped 70% since last year. And no body can help. Not friends. Or family. Or the nearest lawyer in town. Not the United States.

Government.

That's why there are over 300 American citizens doing time on drug charges in foreign jails.

There are the facts. And so are laws, the drug laws and penalties of 191 foreign countries.

Which one will you be visiting?

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Possession of more than 100 grams of heroin and possession of more than 100 grams of heroin.

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Mexico. Possession of 200 grams plus fine. Trafficking 3 to 5 years plus fine. Illegal import or export of drugs 1 to 15 years plus fine. Persons arrested on drug charges can expect a minimum of 1 to 12 months pre-trial confinement. U.S. Embassy
Cor. Durban and
Pasadela Street
10000 Mexico City
Mexico City, Mexico
Tel. 511 7991

Spain. Penalties depend on quantity of drugs involved.

Less than 500 grams fine, and release on bail until trial. More than 500 grams heavy fine plus minimum of 6 years in jail.

U.S. Embassy

Sevilla 75

Madrid Spain

Tel. 556-5440

Italy. Possession of any illegal substance is trafficking. The Swiss Prisoners arrested involving substances not eligible for bail.

U.S. Embassy

Via A. Veneto

119 Rome Italy

Tel. 4674

United Kingdom.

Possession of more than 100 grams of heroin or more than 100 grams of heroin.

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Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin.

Greece. Possession, minimum 2 years in jail. Trafficking 5 to 10 years plus fine.
U.S. Embassy
90 Basilios Sophia Blvd
Athens Greece
Tel. 7159-1

Germany. Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin is charged this summer. Penalties increased for persons.

U.S. Embassy
Schiller Avenue
51 Bonn Bad Godesberg
Bonn Germany
Tel. 02221 1985

Japan. Sentences based on amount of drugs. Recent cases involved 100 grams of heroin. Subject was sentenced to 2 years. Dependent on 10 years.
U.S. Embassy
105 Masaka 1 Chome
Minato-ku Tokyo
Tel. 953-7141

Lebanon. Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin is charged. Hospital. Trafficking 3 to 5 years.
U.S. Embassy
Carmiche at Rue 10
Ministry Beirut Lebanon
Tel. 240-8001

Jamaica. Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin is charged.
U.S. Embassy
43 Duke Street
Kingston Jamaica
Tel. 56341

France. Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin is charged. Minimum of 10 months pre-trial confinement. Trafficking 1 to 5 years.
U.S. Embassy
19 Rue de Franceville
Paris France
Tel. Arjou 6440

Bahamas. Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin is charged.
U.S. Embassy
Address Building
Nassau Bahamas
Tel. 21181

Canada. Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin is charged. Minimum of 7 years in prison if the defendant is the judge.

Up to life imprisonment, but less than 7 years for importation. Penalties including importation into the country.

U.S. Embassy
100 Wellington Street
Ottawa Canada
Tel. 236-2341

Denmark. Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin is charged. Minimum of 2 years in prison if the defendant is the judge.

U.S. Embassy
105 Masaka 1 Chome
Minato-ku Tokyo
Tel. 953-7141

Turkey. Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin is charged. Minimum of 2 years in prison if the defendant is the judge.

U.S. Embassy
The Harem Building
Ankara Turkey
Tel. 1813-4501

Turkey. Possession of 100 grams or more of heroin is charged. Minimum of 2 years in prison if the defendant is the judge.

U.S. Embassy
105 Masaka 1 Chome
Minato-ku Tokyo
Tel. 953-7141

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anese gown with an elaborate tattoo design that he said had cost him \$600. He was also carrying the sign attached to a long pole that would be used to signify round five if and when the fighters got that far. The crowd loved it.

At the bell both men came out fast and then danced, not feeling each other out so much as pawing the air. Foster, with a record of 29 knockouts and one loss to Jerry Quarry by a knockout nearly two years ago, weighed almost 212 pounds and looked strong and imposing. Ali was bigger, a lot bigger. His weight was announced as 226 pounds, and he was all of that. While there appeared to be no obvious fat on him, even around the middle, it was hard to square this man with the lithe athlete who had danced and stung and bombed Sonny Liston eight years before in winning the world heavyweight championship.

Getting going, finally, Ali jabbed with his left and crossed with his right hand while staying away from Foster's slightly longer punching range. Foster guarded his face and bored in, trying to score with short combination punches, but except in the second round he could not catch Ali. In the second he did get in several good punches to the head and body as Ali, seemingly setting the tone for the rest of the fight, coasted. The tempo picked up in the fourth. Despite his evasive tactics and a close guard reminiscent of Floyd Patterson's peekaboo style, Foster was being hit. It was possible to convince oneself that Ali was doing considerable damage, that he could do more, but that he would prefer to wait for the fifth to put on the crusher.

It appeared even more likely that this indeed was the case when Ali charged from his corner—the red one reserved by Japanese custom for champions, Foster's was blue—at the beginning of the fifth. He seemed determined to make good on his prediction. Ali swung looping lefts and rights, trying to open Foster for the one blow that could dump him. But Foster stayed in close, preventing any serious damage. As the round drew to a close, Foster seemed almost buoyed. He moved with assurance, he looked strong and potentially dangerous. And something was going out of Ali. As the bell he returned to his corner with a slightly deflated look and an air of frustration. The arena rang with hoos.

Except for a Foster rally in the sev-



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enth, when Ali once again indulged himself in that curious, almost penitential rite in which he lets his opponent pound at will on his middle, neither moving away from the pain nor lifting a glove to prevent it, that for all purposes was the fight, although there were other, lesser, moments of drama.

"I gave up trying to knock out Foster after the fifth round," Ali said later. He said that in the seventh he was hoping Foster would tire himself out punching, but all that stratagem really did was slow up both men. Foster rallied briefly in the 10th—Referee John Crowder, an Air Force sergeant on duty in Japan, gave him the round—but for the rest of the time Ali contented himself with dancing clockwise out of the way of Foster's reduced armament and scoring with fast left jabs to the face and an occasional one-two combination.

In the 11th Ali did cause a flutter when he caught Foster with a right that set the knockout-conscious Japanese clamoring for a real put-down. Just previously some of them had heckled, "*Shinken ni yare*," which means, "We want some serious fighting." Since Ali's grasp of the native tongue is not exactly fluent, it is more probable that he was responding to the hostile attitude of the crowd than to anything it might have said. At the end Foster was puffed around the eyes and he was tired. Ali was unmarked. An official decision was long in coming, but nobody cared. It was obvious that Ali had won—and, unhappily, lost.

Angelo Dundee, in Ali's corner as usual, said, "Foster put up a great defensive fight. I'm grateful Ali didn't hurt his hands." He denied that his fighter had been slowed by his newfound weight. "Just look at his condition after 15 rounds," he said. "He is not puffing."

But Dundee was not very convincing. The fact was, Ali's shots were mostly slaps. His blows lacked authority, and if he was faster than Foster, he was a lot slower than the young Ali who floated like a butterfly etc.

This time, anyway, the Japanese saw the wrong Ali, and maybe the wrong heavyweights. The Japanese Boxing Association had to rescind a recent order banning fights between two foreign nationals—it had wanted to protect a sagging boxing industry—in order to permit the fight. The association was stung a lot worse than Mac Foster.

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End of

Bruce Kison seemed a wide-eyed rookie, agog at playing in a World Series, until he uncorked his fastball and brought the Orioles to their knees



Innocence

by PAT JORDAN



PHILIP DAVIS

CONTINUED

Bruce Kison, the Pirates' 6'4" baby-faced pitcher, is hunched over the steering wheel of his Volkswagen, his knees jacked up around his ears, his eyes glassy and wide, his pink face pressed close to the windshield and splashed with the green lights and shadows shooting past. The car is traveling through the bowels of Pittsburgh's Squirrel Hill Tunnel at over 80 miles per hour in pursuit of a police escort that Kison has lost but whose sirens are echoing off the walls around him. "I've never speeded before," he says, sliding Santana's recording of *Black Magic Woman* into the stereo tape deck. The music is barely audible over the strung-out whine of the car's engine and the echoing sirens. Kison begins to sing, "She's a black magic woman and she's tryin' to make a devil out of me." His car runs up on the tail of a blue Galaxie. Without missing a note or stabbing the brakes, Kison jerks to the left. There is the shriek and smell of burning rubber, and the Volkswagen, tottering on two wheels, shoots into the left lane, cutting off a Cadillac whose driver nails a palm to his horn. Without looking back, Kison sticks his left hand out the window and extends the middle finger from a clenched fist. He raises the volume of the stereo to full blast. The Cadillac horn

blows angrily. Kison sings louder. The sirens grow closer. The walls of the tunnel quake, rumble, seem about to fissure, and the noise so terrifies drivers up ahead that they swerve into the right lane and stop in order to avoid this possessed little Volkswagen hurtling by like a misshapen, misguided missile whose pilot, gone mad, is now—at precisely 8:03 p.m., Sunday, Oct. 17, 1971—33 minutes late for his wedding.

A few hours before, Kison had stood in the visiting team's locker room at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, a towel around his waist, contemplating the chaos around him. The room was packed almost to a standstill with writers, photographers, baseball executives, well-wishers and players celebrating the Pirates' World Series victory. Television cameras were planted in the center of the room, their cables slung overhead like black clotheslines. On a brilliantly lit platform Roberto Clemente, Steve Blass and Manager Danny Murtaugh were being interviewed by a sleek and nervous-looking Sandy Koufax. Behind them, players jostled for position to be the next interviewed. Photographers, with cameras held high overhead, peered where there were clusters of writers and aimed lenses down at the sweaty, grinning faces of the men being questioned. The reporters moved from player to player in a pack. They pressed their subjects against lockers and recorded in notebooks such comments as: "You can't take anything away from the Orioles. They're a hell of a team"; "Yes, I certainly do think the best team won"; "This is the greatest bunch of guys I've ever been with. The greatest, know what I mean?"

The Pirate players not being interviewed or photographed, particularly those whose contributions to the win were negligible, seemed to celebrate the most exuberantly. They slapped open palms, hugged and tousled one another's hair and,

when the champagne arrived, they doused anyone within range. Standing by his stall, Kison said to a friend, "I told you to wear old clothes in case we won. You'd better put your coat in my locker. It sure seems an awful waste. I'd rather drink it."

While the celebration swelled, Kison dressed and slipped out of the locker room. A police escort led him through a cheering crowd, across Oriole Boulevard, behind a brick high school to an open field where a helicopter waited to take him and his best man, Bob Moose, to Friendship Airport. There, a needle-nose Lear Jet, provided by Jack B. Pratt, a friend of Pirate broadcaster Bob Prince and the president of Milcraft Industries, stood ready to fly Kison, Moose and his wife Alberta, who was eight months pregnant, to Pittsburgh for Kison's evening wedding to Anna Marie Orlando. It was 6:30 p.m. by the time Moose reached the helicopter, weaving unsteadily. His gray baseball uniform was drenched with champagne and his Pirate cap sat on his head at a Howdy Doody angle.

The blades clattered as the helicopter rose slowly. It hovered above the ground and then began moving forward, blowing the tall grasses flat against the ground until they looked almost white in the late afternoon sun. The helicopter rose noisily over telephone wires, trees and houses, until it was above scooped-out Memorial Stadium. It circled the stadium once, twice, each time climbing higher, before finally spinning free of the stadium's orbit. The Plexiglas windows vibrated as gusts of wind buffeted the craft. With an agonizing but relentless slowness the helicopter moved toward the red-orange sunset.

The flight to Pittsburgh lasted 22 minutes. As soon as the jet was airborne, Jack Pratt, an immaculately dressed man with graying hair, opened the bar and poured drinks. He offered a toast to Kison's wedding. Then he asked what was happening back in the Pirate locker room.

"Nothing much," said Kison.

For the remainder of the flight Pratt extolled the virtues of his Lear Jet. "It only costs \$800,000," he said, pouring second drinks for himself, Kison, Mrs. Moose and her husband, who was falling asleep against her shoulder. "It can climb at 6,000 feet a minute and it cruises



es at 525 miles an hour. There's no sense of flight in one of these babies." Outside, the plane hung silent and, it seemed, motionless over a field of clouds. The sky was a pale, diminishing blue. Shafts of sunlight hit the left wing and exploded into silver slivers that so blinded the passengers they were forced to draw the curtains and darken the cabin.

When the plane began circling Pittsburgh airport, Platt brushed back his cuff and checked his watch—7:12 p.m. "God bless Millicraft!" he declared. Kison seemed unsure of the proper response. He thanked Platt for the trip. "You ought to get one of these, Bruce," the executive said, gesturing toward the Lear. "It's the only way to go." There was not a trace of facetiousness in Platt's remark.

Bruce Kison had arrived—in baseball if not yet at his wedding.

In the summer of 1970 Kison was struggling along with a sore arm and a 4-4 record in Waterbury, Conn. in the AA Eastern League when he happened to be picked by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* as the subject of an article (June 14, 1971) on minor league life. From the day of his first interview to the end of the 1970 season he did not lose another game for Waterbury. Last year, after being sidelined most of the spring with an infected tendon in his pitching hand, Kison won 10 of 12 starts with the Charlestown Charlays of the AAA International League. He was called up to Pittsburgh just before the All-Star break. At the time, the Pirates were four games ahead in their divisional race but suddenly their pitching talent (which never was very thick) had been thinned when Bob Moose left for military duty. Kison won his first two starts for the Bucs, the second a two-hit shutout. He was 3-2 after a month of starts, before running into a streak of bad luck during which he pitched creditably enough but managed only losses or no decisions. Kison finished the regular season with a 6-5 record, a 3.41 ERA. It was said the very tall, 178-pound sidestepner needed to develop greater stamina and another pitch before he would become a winner in the majors.

Because of his end-of-the-season tailspin, Kison expected to see little action during the National League playoffs against the Giants. He watched from the bullpen as Pittsburgh won two of

continued

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the first three games. But when Steve Bliss failed to last in the fourth game, Kison was called in. It was the third inning, the score was tied at 5 apiece and it seemed obvious that Danny Murtaugh wanted to save his veteran reliever, Dave Giusti, for the crucial later innings. Kison was to be a stopgap performer, who, hopefully, could manage three outs before someone would pinch-hit for him in the next inning. But Kison handily dispatched the Giants, and Murtaugh, sensing a new character was being written into his scenario, did not replace him when he came to bat in the fourth. Nor did Murtaugh seem overly upset when the skinny rookie wiped out a Buc threat in that inning by hitting a routine ground ball. Kison began fleshing out his part with one scoreless inning after another. When he finally left the game in the seventh in favor of Giusti, Kison had created for himself a leading role in the game. Throwing mostly rising and screwballing fastballs and a small but quick slider, he had limited the Giants to two hits and no runs in 4½ innings, and he was to receive credit for the Bucs' pennant-clinching victory.

Kison's performance had been an unexpectedly adept, professional effort, yet the rookie pitcher seemed not the least impressed either by the circumstances in which he now found himself (besieged by writers) or the haters he had just faced. It was assumed that Kison's coolness on the mound and in postgame interviews was really nothing but a naively constructed facade. This notion sprang in part from Kison's manner (he is quiet to the point of taciturnity) but mostly from his deceptive appearance. At 21, he looks 15. He has a gawky adolescent's body, all arms and legs and little torso. His face is long and fine-boned and dusted with a peach-like fuzz. It is dominated by eyes so wide and blue as to appear unblinking, stunned, with the three-dimensional quality of those animals like gazelles that

are only one twitch from flight. Yet Kison is neither timid nor stunned. Nor does he possess an unfathomable innocence akin to Billy Budd's. He is simply a direct, if slightly unfinished, young man, whose parts are well formed if too few. His directness owes only a small debt to innocence and more to an instinct so blunt as to be, at times, brutal. He does or says nothing that is superfluous and, in fact, seems as straight and simple and obvious as the age in which he lives is circuitous and convoluted and devious.

His performance in the playoffs was



viewed as the aberration of a novice, owing more to luck and propitious circumstances than to any talent he might possess. So when the World Series began, few people expected Kison to play a prominent part in its resolution. He remained the fledgling rookie on whom a team could hardly rely in the Great American Classic. (Oddly enough, Kison was only eight months younger than Vida Blue, a pitcher of whom people expected a great deal more than he delivered in a similar situation.) Heroes in the World Series were to be the private reserve of veterans like Dock Ellis

and were certainly not the domain of a youth who, some said, divested himself of his beard each morning with the aid of only a hot towel. Kison himself did not expect to be used much in the Series. He was even apologetic for the good fortune that had brought him into an event that some of his teammates, like Bob Veale, had worked for a decade to reach. And Veale, who had fallen out of favor with the Pirate management for not having fulfilled his potential, would probably see as little action as Kison.

Bruce enjoyed his anonymity as the Series began in Baltimore. It allowed him to eat his meals in peace and sit unnoticed in the chaotic, baggageworn lobby of the Bucs' hotel, watching the spectacle of his first World Series with a detachment that was being denied his more famous teammates. Manny Sanguillen, for instance, could not step from an elevator without being besieged by autograph seekers who were drawn to him as much by his perpetual grin as by his blindingly white panama suit with its lapels approaching the wingspan of a 747. On the other hand, Dock Ellis, a heavy-lidded, petulant-faced man who seemed always bored or angry or maybe just in need of sleep, was too foreboding a presence to be approached for autographs. He always was striding across the lobby with a high-waisted, stomach-thrusting strut to answer a page's "Call for Mr. Dock Ellis"; or else he was surrounded by sportswriters to whom he was expounding on the qualities of his hotel accommodations, as if he were not just Pittsburgh's starting pitcher in the first game but also a dark-skinned Temple Fielding in wedge-heeled boots. Kison was left largely to himself. He sprawled across his bed and watched television or telephoned his fiancée in Pittsburgh.

The heavily favored Orioles took the first game handily. They knocked Ellis out of the game in the third inning.

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Innocence continued

In the second game Baltimore was ahead 3-0 when Murtaugh relieved starter Bob Johnson in the fourth. The new pitcher was Bruce Kison. Kison threw nine pitches. Eight of them were balls; he walked one run in and was promptly replaced by Moose. The Orioles won that contest 11-3.

In the locker room after the game, Kison was asked by sportswriters if he had been jittery in his first World Series appearance, and if that hadn't accounted for his wildness. "No," he said, "I just wasn't used to the mound. That might have thrown my control off. But I wasn't nervous." The following day newspapers around the country explained that Kison's wildness was caused by his nervousness at pitching in his first World Series; it was to be expected of a rookie, the writers noted.

The third Series game was played in Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium, one of those perfectly proportioned ovals similar to ancient coliseums but so oppressively modern as to be without odor (except of fresh gypsum); without blemish (no worn patches on the billiard-table surface, no obstructing pillars, no garish advertisements on the outfield fences); and without character (private, glass-enclosed booths are available but are so removed from the action that the occupants can be seen watching the game on portable TV sets). The stadium has rows of brightly painted seats that incline almost straight back, rising away from the playing field like the seats in a movie theater. This puts the spectators beyond the first few rows at a great distance from the field. At such a distance on a muggy afternoon the athletes become blurs of gray and white, gliding in slow motion over a perfect, pale-green cloth, pursuing a baseball that can be heard but not seen, seeming to perform an eerie ballet akin to that of the tennis players in the movie *Slow-Tip*.

In that third game the Orioles managed to get only three hits off Steve Blass and the Bucs had a win at last. Blass, a 29-year-old veteran of modest successes, is regarded by sportswriters as the Bucs' resident wit and intellectual (he is excellent "copy"). He is also a pitcher of only adequate talent but great desire, and he throws the ball with such a flurry of arms and legs that he resembles a young boy trying to impress his elders and willing to fall on his face, if

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Innocence continued

necessary, to do it. Still the Pirate victory was looked upon by many as simply a delaying action, a postponement of the inevitable Oriole triumph.

The fourth game was to be the first night game ever played in a World Series. During batting practice Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn was led to a spot near home plate by some photographers. He was given the monstrous metal World Series trophy to hold and told to stand in that spot until pictures could be taken with the rival managers. When Earl Weaver and Danny Murtaugh appeared on either side of Kuhn, one of the photographers yelled, "O.K., smile, Commissioner," which he did, obligingly. While the commissioner grunted under the immense weight of the trophy and tried to smile at the same time, Murtaugh and Weaver chatted across him and the trophy, as if the trophy, one empty vessel, was suspended solely by another. When the photographers finished, they unceremoniously left the commissioner. Weaver trotted back to his dugout and Murtaugh, his hands stuffed in his back pockets, walked deliberately back to his. The commissioner, still smiling, stood by himself with his prize for a long moment before finally saying, "Dammit, somebody help me with this thing or I'll be standing here all night." Things seemed to be going awry in Pittsburgh and for Pittsburgh.

Starting the game did not help at all. The Orioles scored three runs in the top of the first before Pirate Pitcher Luke Walker was taken out of the game. When his replacement, Bruce Kison, arrived from the bullpen there was an audible groan from the fans. It was as if the appearance of the pink-cheeked rookie signaled Murtaugh's resignation to a Baltimore triumph, and the fact that Kison retired the side with one pitch did little to dissipate the feeling of despair. However, when the Bucs scored two runs in the bottom of the first, the hometown crowd, expecting a speedy substitute for Kison, was encouraged. If Bruce could just manage three outs, Murtaugh could send in a pinch hitter for him in the bottom of the second. Kison, working quickly with his sweeping right-to-left, side-armed delivery, retired the first two batters. Then Paul Blair hit a pop fly that bounced on the Tartan Turf in front of Roberto Clemente and sprang over his head for a double. Kison, unfazed, got

the next batter out on an infield fly.

Murtaugh did not pinch-hit for Kison in the second; nor in the fourth (by which time the score stood 3 all); nor in the sixth. During those innings, before the largest audience ever to watch a baseball game (62.3 million TV viewers and 51,378 in the stadium), Kison pitched flawless baseball. In his flawless performance one must include, not exclude, the three batters he hit with pitches, setting a World Series record. Those Orioles were simply being served notice that despite Kison's virginal appearance he was not one to treat idly. Kison had hit a high proportion of batters in his three-year professional career. He hit seven batters in one minor league game, which he won. His difficulty stems from a fastball that breaks sharply in on a right-handed batter at the last second. This break is often misjudged and can result in bruised ribs. Also, because his curveball is such a brief affair and anxious batters tend to lean far over the plate hoping to paste it to the right-field wall, Kison must protect himself by firing an occasional pitch inside. This combination of a batter leaning one way and a fastball breaking the other accounts for the knockdowns. There is a feeling among Kison's friends that he is not particularly upset when he hits a batter, that he feels it helps compensate for his limited repertoire (two basic pitches) and his boyish appearance. Yet, in the fourth game of the Series, he claimed his youthful wildness was responsible for the three hit batters—Dave Johnson, Andy Eichenbarren and Frank Robinson. Strangely enough, he did not walk a single batter during that span.

Kison won the game that night by allowing the Orioles only Blaw's bloop double and no runs in 6½ innings. Giusti finished the game and preserved Kison's 4-3 victory. Four days later, after the Sox won the world championship in the seventh game, Earl Weaver would say that the fourth was the turning point of the Series, and that Kison had been the pivotal figure. Weaver explained that with a three-run lead in the first inning and a rookie pitcher at their disposal, the Orioles never should have lost. A victory would have given them a 3-1 edge.

The moment Kison entered the locker room after the fourth game, the press surrounded and immobilized him. Flashbulbs exploded in his face. People shout-

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Innocence

ed orders and questions at him. A TV cameraman, his equipment slung over his shoulder like a bazooka, yelled at Kison to look his way, and when Bruce did his face was flooded with a light. A television commentator stuck a microphone under Kison's nose and began asking questions. Sportswriters grumbled and fidgeted as they waited their turn and, when the cameraman extinguished his lights, they let loose with a dozen questions simultaneously. For an instant a look flickered in Kison's eyes suggesting he was about to flee, and just as quickly it was gone, replaced by a gaze devoid of all expression. Kison folded his arms across his narrow chest and, towering above the writers, began to answer their queries.

"Were you as nervous today as you were in the second game?"

"I don't know," said Kison. "I had trouble getting the ball over the plate in the second game so they said I was nervous. If I'd have gotten it over they would have said I was calm. So I guess you can say I was nervous in the second game, but I was calm today."

"What's your telephone number?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know your own telephone number?"

"I never have had to call myself."

"Do you mean to tell us you weren't nervous in that second game?"

"Everybody brings in nerves, nerves, nerves," said Kison. "I don't think about being nervous. I just tried to do better this game than in the last, that's all."

"If the Series goes seven games," said another writer, "do you think you'll make your wedding?"

"When I set the date I had been told by some of my teammates that the Series would be over by the second week of October. I should have checked myself. But if I'm in Baltimore Sunday then that's where I'm supposed to be. I'm here to help win the Series first and get married afterward."

"Bruce," said one writer, "now that you're famous, do people recognize you when you walk the streets?"

"I don't walk the streets."

"Is your fiancée good looking?"

"She's O.K."

"I mean is she a really good-looking girl?"

"What do you think? Boy, that was a stupid one."

"What do you think of major league sportswriters?"

"They're all right. They haven't stuck a knife in me yet."

While Kison was talking, two reporters directly under his nose began arguing over who had rights to the next question. The argument grew louder and louder until Kison broke off in mid-sentence and rolled his eyes heavenward. Kison was asked if his childhood dreams had come true.

"Yes, and then some."

For a third time a writer asked him about his wedding.

"Why is everyone making such a big deal about the wedding?" Kison said. "If I can't make it back to Pittsburgh Sunday we'll have to change it, that's all."

"How often do you shave?"

"Every day," replied Kison.

"Do you need to?"

"I wouldn't shave if I didn't." Suddenly there was a commotion by the telephone. One of the Pirate trainers motioned for Kison to answer the phone. While Bruce talked the writers edged closer. Someone said, "He's talking to President Nixon." Kison hung up and returned.

"Who were you talking to, Bruce?"

"That was my father and mother and some friends of the family, and, oh, yes, my dog."

"What'd they say?"

"Nothing much. My mother and father and the friends congratulated me. The dog didn't say anything. He can't talk."

On the outer edge of the group a writer was saying, "It's hard to tell if he's a bright kid or not. I thought he'd say his fiancée was sensational, a knockout, something I could use. But he doesn't say what you'd expect. I don't know. Maybe he just isn't too bright."

"How do you show pressure inside?" asked a writer.

"I don't know," said Kison. "You tell me."

"Don't you feel anything inside?"

"I guess."

Another writer told Kison that Frank Robinson was furious at being hit. The writer asked Kison to comment on Robby's anger.

"I think you're just trying to cause friction there," said Kison. "I don't want to answer that question."



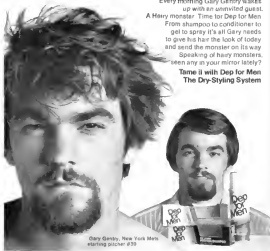
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Innocence

Off to one side a few people were watching the young pitcher being grilled. "Ballplayers build up a tolerance to some questions and automatic responses to others," remarked one longtime observer of these scenes. "Kison hasn't cultivated this yet, but he will, and maybe that's a shame. Right now he refuses to answer dumb questions in a clever way but is willing to answer good questions in a fresh new way. Soon he'll answer them all with safe clichés."

"Bruce will have to learn how to handle writers," Steve Blass said. "Sometimes he makes judgments too soon, not considering all the possibilities. I've tried to tell him he can't be too quick in evaluating people, especially writers. But Bruce is flexible. He'll learn as he gets older. He'll become more aware, which is a shame. It's a loss of innocence. He won't be this Bruce Kison anymore; he'll be a new Bruce Kison, because people demand more from us than we're capable of giving."

It was midnight when Kison finally emerged from a shower into an all-but-deserted locker room. Dripping, he moved to his stall and began drying himself. He is incredibly long and bony. His ribs showed.

"Jeez, I hated all that attention," he said. "I must have acted like a fool in front of those writers. Did I? Jeez, I hope not. Aw, I know I did. A real fool." He threw his towel into the center of the room and muttered as he dressed, Bob Veale, the only other player in the room, came over to Kison and said, with mock solemnity, holding an imaginary microphone in front of Bruce, "Tell me, Kison? How's it feel to set a World Series record by hitting eight batters in three innings?" Kison smiled and said nothing. "And to be such a big hit with all those sportswriters, too?" Veale added. "My goodness, Kison, tell me, how's it feel?"

When Veale was gone Kison said of him, "He told me to go into the locker room between innings so my arm wouldn't stiffen up. He's always helping me like that. I feel sorry for him. I wonder why I'm so lucky. I see him sitting alone at his locker, not saying anything, and I wonder what he's thinking. He has to watch me get all this attention in my first year and he's been here 10."

On the morning after his big win, Kison arrived at Three Rivers Stadium at

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nine o'clock for a television interview with Sandy Koufax. He was smoking a cigar, which made one feel one ought to tell his father on him.

Kison and Koufax stood halfway down the third-base line and chatted while television cameramen set up equipment in the visitors' dugout. The sun hung over the center-field bleachers, cutting through the morning mist. It was directly behind Kison, making him seem a dark silhouette. Koufax, at 35, looked tense and strained as a greyhound. He wore a navy blazer with an NBC crest on the breast pocket, a red shirt and a patterned tie, double-knot slacks and alligator loafers. As he talked with Kison, he constantly tugged at his shirt collar, stretched his neck, smoothed his already smooth hair and glanced toward the cameramen. Kison stood spread-legged and motionless. His hands were stuffed into his huck pockets. His shirt hung outside of his pants and he wore cowboy boots. When the cameraman signaled Koufax to begin he raised the microphone to his lips, assumed a smile and began asking Kison questions. Kison replied in a monotonous voice. His hands remained in his pockets and his eyes drifted over Koufax' head to the deserted stadium. The first three takes were unsuccessful and with each Koufax became increasingly annoyed. Finally, when Koufax blew a fourth take the cameraman signaled for him to continue. Koufax yanked the microphone away from his mouth and said, "No, we won't! Bruce doesn't want to live with that, do you, Bruce? And I am not going to make a fool of myself in front of millions of viewers."

The fifth take began with Kison saying, "I was very displeased with my performance in Baltimore in the second game. . . ."

On the morning of the seventh and final Series game in Baltimore, Kison sat at a table in a coffee shop and waited impatiently for his scrambled eggs. In the deciding contest, Kison realized he might be the first reliever if Steve Blass faltered, and that, with the uncertainty of reaching his own wedding that night in Pittsburgh, made him unusually irritable. Kison's irritation had also grown from what he considered to be undue attention heaped on him ever since his fourth-game win. He did not like his instant notoriety, he said.

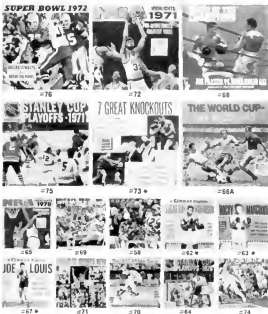
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Innocence

To pass the time while he waited for breakfast, Kison tried to reevaluate, objectively, his pitching of the past year, so as to be able to negotiate his 1972 contract with the front office. He decided that his 10 victories in AAA, his six during the regular season with Pittsburgh and his playoff and Series victories qualified him as an 18-game winner. Furthermore, the playoff and Series triumphs would be worth a lot of money to the Pirates and, if they won that afternoon, a great deal more. He deserved a small portion of this cash, he said, and he wondered just how much he should ask for (Ironically, when the Bucs divided up their World Series and playoff booty, they failed to give Bruce Kison a full share.)

"It's funny," said Kison, "but I don't care that much about money. Here I am talking so much about it and if I had to, I'd play for nothing back home in Pasco, Washington. I wouldn't play every day for nothing, but still I'd play. Money doesn't mean that much to me yet. I'm not a clotheshound like some guys on the club. To me, clothes are necessities, like food. I don't love to eat. I eat until I'm content, that's all. But it seems the more you taste big-league life the more you want—or think you want. You get caught up in things that never meant much to you before. You become something different. I'm not the same person I was a year ago, six months ago or even a few weeks ago."

"When I was a kid I admired the milkman. I wanted to be just like him someday. Then you grow up and your sights change. Your goals get larger than they were, and Pasco is no longer enough for you. I still love to go back and hunt, but I don't think I could go back and drink beer on Saturday nights for the rest of my life. Once I said I could never stay in baseball unless I was in the major leagues, that if I didn't make it, I'd return to college and get my degree. College is getting farther and farther away. I can see myself as an organization man in the minors now. I wouldn't like it much, but still I can see myself doing it. It doesn't take long in baseball before you become like everyone else. I mean, when you first come to the majors, you hear guys talking about things, like girls and stuff, and you think, that isn't me. I'll never be like that. But pretty soon you realize you'll evolve into

continued



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Innocence and/or

what everybody else is. I don't think I'll mind that. It doesn't look so bad now. And when it happens all I'll think about is protecting myself up here. I know that right now there's some kid in the woods, some kid riding a bus someplace, and he's checking my ERA in *The Sporting News* just like I did when I was in Waterbury."

Kison looked around for his waitress. "Jeez, where is she? I only ordered eggs." He sighed disgustedly and then continued. "I guess I've learned a lot. I've learned that baseball is for the owners and sportswriters and fans, and not the players. We just perform. For instance, the other night a guy came to my hotel room and asked if he could come in and talk. He said he was a Pirate fan, that he followed me closely and thought I was great. So what could I say? Anyway, he kept talking and talking about how great I was and how no one will believe it when he tells them he was in Bruce Kison's room, and all the while he's looking at me with these big eyes like I'm some kind of hero or something. Finally, I said to him, 'It isn't that big a deal, you know.' He said, 'It is to me.' Then he left."

"People idolize us too much. They give us importance we don't deserve. I am the first pitcher ever to win a night World Series game, but I don't feel important. I still think of myself as a kid. Baseball is still a sport to me. But it's a business. I'm just a piece of property. I know that. But that doesn't mean I want people to make a living off me. Take my wedding, for instance. I don't want people to make a living off my wedding. That's a helluva way to start out."

The waitress appeared with his eggs. She placed the platter in front of Kison and he looked at them for a second. He picked up his fork, poked at the eggs and then said, "I wanted them well done. These aren't well done." The waitress took the plate back to the kitchen.

"They'll probably just throw them on another plate and bring them out again," said Kison. Then he laughed a little. "That's funny. I'd never have done that a year ago. But there are a lot of things I used to do I'd never do now. When everybody's looking at you, you can't always express what you feel. I think that's the most important thing I have learned up here. I mean, you don't tell everything you know anymore."

END

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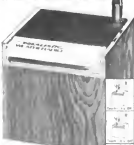


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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

MESSAGES FROM THE PRESIDENT

Sirs,

In an article in the Feb. 21 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* called *The Go-Go Girls of Sapporo* you reported that Anne Henning and Dianne Holm received congratulatory wires from President Nixon which baffled the two recipients. The article implied that the two wires were poorly researched and haphazardly conveyed.

The State Department has checked the texts of these two transmissions, and I have been assured that the two wires were sent from the United States Consil in Sapporo to the Olympic Village identical in language to the way they left the White House.

Knowing your desire to provide your readers with accurate material, I have enclosed copies of the two messages the President sent to Anne Henning and Dianne Holm which I hope will find their way into a future issue and correct the previous error.

HERBERT G. KLEIN

Director of Communications
for the Executive Branch

The White House
Washington

MISS DIANNE HOLM
U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM
C/O AMERICAN EMBAZY
TOKYO, JAPAN

HEARTIST CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR
SPLENDID VICTORY. ALL AMERICANS SHARE
MY PRIDE IN YOUR WINNING PERFORMANCE.
GOOD LUCK TO YOU AND ANNE RUNNING IN
THE 1,000 METER EVENT.

RICHARD NIXON

MISS ANNE HENNING
U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM
C/O AMERICAN EMBAZY
TOKYO, JAPAN

CONGRATULATIONS ARE DUE TO YOUR
YOUR RECORD BREAKING GOLD MEDAL
TRIUMPH IN THE 500 METER EVENT AS I EN-
DERTAND YOU WON IT UNDER AMERICAN
EVERWHERE JOIN ME IN WISHING YOU AND
YOUR OLYMPIC TEAMMATES AN ENJOYABLE
TRIP.

RICHARD NIXON

• Mr. Klein is partially misinformed. Two incorrect or garbled messages were received by Misses Henning and Holm, as we reported in our issue of Feb. 21. Subsequently, two corrected messages (above) were received by the athletes in question.—ED.

WAGE PRICE STANDOFF

Sirs,

Bob Ren's article *Vida Blue Stays at the Great Bathroom Floor* (March 27) clearly illustrates the situation confronting major league club owners today. Here is a second-year man (Vida Blue) asking for a ridiculous \$92,500 salary (part of which will go to his attorney, Robert J. Gerst) and threatening to quit the game for good if his demands are not met. This type of action is an injustice to the club owners, the fans and the game itself. The current trend of today's players demanding astronomical salaries can only end up one way, in disaster!

Who is going to pay the price? The fans, of course? But if the current rise in salaries continues, the average fan will not be able to afford to take his family to a ball game. When most workers are asked to hold the salary line to a 5%, increase, one wonders how today's ballplayers get away with this type of economic neologism.

President Nixon, where are you?

DECK KLEFFELDER

Aikenston, Pa.

Sirs,

I think Blue is clearly worth to want \$92,500. After all, one season of play, even though a fine one, does not establish a ballplayer as the superstar Blue thinks he is. I believe Charles Finley's \$50,000 offer is very generous. Wait and see what Blue does in 1972. If he has another season like 1971, then pay him the money he wants.

DONALD JEFFRIES

Falls Church, Va.

Sirs,

It Dennis McLain is getting a \$75,000 salary, then Blue should get at least \$75,000. After all, as Finley said, it is the fans who pay the players' salaries, and Vida Blue drew 1 1/2th of the AL attendance last year.

WILLIAM HAYES

Seattle

Sirs,

After his spectacular 1946 season, Bob Feller had some bonus clauses written into his contract. If you add similar bonuses to Vida Blue's contract for his performance of last year, you get this result. Give Vida the \$50,000 that Charles Finley wants to give him plus \$25,000 for the '60,000 additional people he brought into the park (this is based on \$r for each person, which is close to what Feller received). Add \$17,000 more for Blue's great season (\$1,500 each for eight

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18TH HOLE

of his nine victories past his 17th and \$5,000 for his 20th). Total this and you get a sum of \$92,000, about what Blue wants and not much more than Feller received. I think Vida should get what he wants.

MICHAEL LUSART

Dunellen, N.J.

FOOT IN THE DOGS

Sirs:

All the Best (March 27) is, I hope, the first of many excellent articles on the game of soccer (or, more appropriately, football). It is certainly time for America to focus her eyes on this game of skill. I have known very few World Cup championships to be boring. But it seems that our worshipped Super Bowls are more fascioid than contests between two well-matched teams.

The beautiful thing about soccer is that you do not have to be 6'4" and weigh 250 pounds. Why we call our shoulder-pad game football is beyond me. It should be called Huggy. It is a shame that soccer is ignored as much as it is in America.

DAVID L. ORSON

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

Please accept sincere thanks for the article about Manchester United's George Best. Your coverage of events over here, be it international rugby or the Football Association Cup final, is most appreciated. In the words of Britain's Joe Namath: United we stand!

CHRIS COLEMAN

Exeter, England

Sirs:

I was glad to see you giving sympathetic attention to the great game of soccer, even if the *LETTER FROM THE PUNISHER* does call it "amorphous." Do you have to half-kill, maim or injure people in order to produce an exhilarating, character-building and morale-boosting game?

HAROLD KING

Chief Representative in France
Die (Toronto) Telegram

Paris

Sirs:

When the day comes that we have every stadium in the land bursting at the seams with soccer fans, we should have inscribed in marble, in a place of honor, the final words of your *LETTER FROM THE PUNISHER*. The comment, "We may one day ask not what others saw in the game but why it took us so long to see it ourselves," has the unmistakable ring of a historic statement.

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18TH HOLE

Sirs,

YOUR LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER WAS nice but off base. We cannot build heroes when they are ignored. For example, the Rochester Lancers just completed play in a world club tournament in Guatemala City, where they became the first U.S. pro soccer team to make the final round of six. But who did you tell about this?

Charlie Mitchell of the Lancers was much a hero in our household as Mickey Mantle or Joe Namath. Maybe if you people came to Rochester (where 3,000 to 5,000 boys also play soccer), you wouldn't have to run up the expense account to go to England.

NORM BILLOTION

Scotenville, N.Y.

BACK ROOM FOR HOCKEY

Sirs,

Thanks to Mark Mulvey for the article on the NCAA finals (*Pucked End to a Draft Affair*, March 27). It is about time college hockey got some of the publicity it so richly deserves. However, I feel that the article could have expressed more excitement. It is well known among B.U. fans that we have had a great deal of difficulty with Cornell in the past few years, and this game was packed with emotion. Tim Regan's play in goal was indeed out of a storybook, and how appropriate it was that Jack Kelly's last B.U. victory should be for the national championship, though certainly it was a team effort.

We at B.U. are proud to have an NCAA champion in a sport that is growing rapidly throughout the country and will soon match basketball for national recognition.

RICHARD W. DUBOISI

Boston

ON TARGET

Sirs,

Congratulations to Virginia Kial! To a hunter tired of being stereotyped as a head-eyed hunchback laughing a demonic laugh while blasting Blambs and Thumper with a 458 Magnum, her article on Ian Player (*A Player in the Game of Life*, March 27) was a shining light indeed.

By showing the part played by the sports hunter in setting up African preserves and fighting to protect the rhino, the author gives credit where some is due. Hunters have led the way in U.S. and African conservation crusades. As a group, we do more than any other segment in society. And as Player acknowledges, commercialized hunting farms may be the best way to save African big game and the wilderness necessary for its survival.

THOM TIRIK

Louis City, Neb.

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